McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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SEVERE SNOW STORM SWEEPS THE COUNTRY

Started Last Friday and Has Raged Almost Constantly Since.

RAILROADS HAVE HARD WORK

To Run Trains Anywhere Near Regular Time—Local Effects of the Storm—Mails Delayed.

One of the worst snow storms in years swept over this part of the country commencing last Friday night and raging with brief intermissions until Tuesday, which was a bright clear day. Early Wednesday another storm struck this section with high winds from the southeast, and the icy blasts drove the sleet with cutting force, piling up huge drifts and making life generally miserable for people compelled to venture out of doors. Zero weather prevailed during the storms, the lowest temperature reached in Smethport being Wednesday morning when various thermometers registered 30 below zero. The storm was general throughout the eastern part of the United States, and in fact was a spell of weather that taxed the descriptive power of the Corry special fiend.

The Pennsylvania and B., R. & P. railroads fought the drifts successfully until last night, but this morning a report was in circulation that three trains on the latter road were stalled between Mt. Jewett and Bradford. The Shaw mut train was unable to make the run over the switchback between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett last night, but trains on this road have generally made their runs although far behind regular time. The Kushequa route has kept up connections with B., R. & P. trains. The B., R. & K. narrow gauge between Mt. Jewett and Kane is reported to be out of commission.

Wagon roads in almost every direction are blocked and rural mail carriers are unable to cover their routes. Traveling through the drifts on horseback is the only means many residents of the farming districts keep up communications with the outside world.

Struck by an Engine.

Bradford Era: James Ray of Custer City, employed by the B., R. & P. railroad for ehe past 20 years, was instantly killed near Degolia at an early hour Monday morning by being struck by pusher engine No. 139 in charge of Engineer Buchanan and Fireman Douglas. The accident happened while Mr. Ray was walking on the tracks on his way to work from his home.

The pusher had been up the hill and was returning toward Bradford, backing down on the southbound track. On account of the cold weather, Mr. Ray had a handkerchief tied over his ears and for this reason did not hear the approaching locomotive. The snow was blowing and it was with difficulty that the engine crew saw any distance ahead.

A short time after the accident the passenger train, which was late, came along and the body was brought to the station and taken in charge by the coroner. Later the corpse was taken to Still's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial.

Death must have been instantaneous as the victim's neck was broken, the right jaw was shattered and the left arm and leg fractured. He was otherwise injured.

Deceased was about 60 years of age and was a highly respected resident of Custer City. His surviving family consists of a widow, four sons, Thomas, now in Panama; James, a conductor on the Middle division of the B., R. & P.; John and Arthur Ray of Custer, and three daughters, Mrs. J. J. O'Connor of Bradford and two others who live at home.

Special Notice to Delinquents.

On account of the new postoffice ruling in regard to mailing papers as second class matter to subscribers who are a year or more in arrearages, we wish to again call the attention of those who are behind in their subscription to the MINER that it is necessary to make payment at once and to add $1.00 for a year in advance whenever it is possible.

Within the past three months we have mailed bills to nearly all subscribers owing us and many have responded, but there are still many who have not who should do so without delay. The time will soon arrive when we will be obliged to cut all delinquents off the list and enforce collection of the back accounts.

If you are a delinquent now pay up and avoid being one when that time comes.

For Sale or Rent.

The farm of C. C. Wright on Cole Creek at Wright's Corners is for sale or rent with stock or without stock. For particulars call on or address C. C. Wright, Farmers Valley, Pa., R. F. D. 1

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Big Fire in Port Allegany.

Port Allegany was visited by a most disasterous conflagation at about 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning. It was thought at one time that most of the business portion of that live and prosperous borough would go up in smoke as it was almost impossible to get water. As it was the entire new brick block of Joseph Silman was totally destroyed as well as the stocks of all his tenants.

It is thought the fire started in the cellar of the fruit store of Pulvino & Stallo. In some way the straw and hay packing about the banana cases became ignited. Besides the two story brick block containing four large store rooms on the first floor and several offices and living rooms in the second story, several large stocks burned including:

Klock's shoe store, loss about $4,000.

Stein's clothing, loss about $4,000.

Pulvino & Stallo, fruit dealers, loss about $2,500.

Robert Carlson, tailor, loss slight as he saved most of his goods.

On the second floor were the law offices of D. H. Helmer, the insurance office of Field & Allen and the office of the Wyman Chemical Company. The second story occupants rescued most of their valuables except safes, desks and other heavy furniture.

Silman's block cost not less than $15,000 and is a total loss. It is said the insurance will cover the amount of mortgage Mr. Silman carried. All burned stocks were insured except the taylor stock of Robert Carlson.—Tuesday's Coudersport Enterprise.

Two Deaths at County Home.

P. C. Keenan, aged 55 years, died at the County Home on Thursday of last week, the cause of his death being apoplexy. He had been an inmate of that institution for the past three years. Previous to his illness he had resided in Duke Centre for the past 15 years and is said to have been an honest, hard working man. He had no near relatives in this vicinity but had a brother in the West, who upon being informed of his death, had Rev. J. E. Doran, pastor of St. Elizabeth's church, take charge of his remains. The funeral services were held on Wednesday morning and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Henry W. Bates, aged 53 years, died at the County Home on Monday, from heart trouble. The deceased was a Free Methodist minister and his home was in some small town in New York state. He had been holding some meetings for about two weeks when he was taken ill and admitted to the Home on Saturday last. As he had only been in that institution two days previous to his death little could be learned of his past life. His remains were shipped to Turtle Point Tuesday, where he had a cousin named Mr. Tubbs, who attended to the burial.

Wanted for Murder.

A dispatch from Pittsburg, dated Feb. 4, says: Joseph Verner, 28 years old, who was stabbed in the breast at a picnic July last, died at his home in Oakmont, Sunday, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of William Stake, who is alleged to have caused Verner's wound. At the time Verner received his wound it was not thought to be serious and Stake was released upon payment of costs. Death was due to abscesses of the lungs, caused by the knife wound, according to the statement of the coroner's physician.

The Era of yesterday says: An officer came to Bradford on Monday night after William Stake, mentioned above, but the man could not be found. He was here during the holiday season, but his present address is unknown. Stake is a glassworker and formerly was employed in Bradford. He boarded at the Hotel Industry. After leaving this city some years ago, he went to Falls Creek and later to Clarion. Oakmont officials having been informed that Stake was here, at once sent a detective to this city. The officer's trip was in vain.

Stole an Overcoat.

A stranger in town, giving his name as Patrick Fay, was arrested yesterday morning and given a hearing before Justice Gleason on the charge of stealing an overcoat, belonging to Dennis Quinlisk, from a hook in the Commercial Hotel the previous evening.

At the hearing it was shown that Fay had been around the Commercial Hotel during the day and when the opportunity offered he took the coat. He went into the Grand Central in the evening and tried to dispose of it. Conductor Ward Means heard his hard luck story, and through sympathy bought the garment, only to learn later on that it had been stolen.

After hearing the testimony Justice Gleason held him to court in the sum of $300 bail, in default of which he was sent to jail. Mr. Means readily returned the coat to its proper owner.

Wanted—Salesmen and agents. Salary and commission. Write box 361 DuBois, Pa.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

County Dispensary for Consumptives

The State Department of Health's McKean County Dispensary for Tuberculosis, which was opened recently at No. 7 Main street, Bradford, will play an important part in stamping out consumption in our district.

The Dispensary, which is open Tuesdays and Fridays from 1 to 3 p. m., is in charge of Dr. W. Clyde Hogan, who is the State Department of Health's efficient medical inspector for this county. Dr. Hogan has been tireless in his work to get the dispensary under way.

The Dispensary furnishes free medical treatment and advice to the victims of tuberculosis among the poor of McKean county. Where necessary, indigent patients are supplied with fresh eggs and milk daily. The Dispensary officials, however, will guard themselves against being imposed upon to furnish provisions to other members of the family. Patients are also supplied with paper sputum cups and tissue paper napkins.

The opening of the McKean County Dispensary is in line with the work that the State Health Commissioner is doing throughout the entire State, over forty such dispensaries having already been opened in as many counties. There are many victims of tuberculosis who are not able to go to the State Sanatoria in many cases because they are the wage earners of their families, and these people must be taken care of. They especially need instruction as to the precautions they must take in their homes and in the work shop so that they may not spread the disease. To give such instruction and follow it up and see that the precautionary measures are carried out is the great object of the dispensary work. For this reason it will be a mighty factor in stamping out tuberculosis in McKean county.

Patients visiting the dispensary are carefully examined by the physicians in charge of the clinic. Such medicine as is needed is given, but the principal reliance will be upon drilling into every tuberculosis sufferer the necessity of plenty of fresh air, proper diet and careful regulation of habits of life. Every patient is urged, of course, to sleep with windows wide open—in a hammock swung out of doors if possible.

The wage earner who is obliged to spend a number of hours each day indoors is made to understand that if it is impossible for him to change his occupation, life can only be spared by spending all his leisure hours in the open air. Plenty of rest is also necessary for his recovery and so those in charge of the dispensary are helping the patient solve the problem of how to continue to earn his daily wages and yet secure the necessary amount of rest and fresh air.

The question of diet is receiving especial attention. It is easy to tell a tuberculosis patient to eat plenty of fresh eggs and drink a large amount of pure milk, but to get the patient to do this is another thing, as few of them will consume sufficient eggs without constant urging.

Usually consumptives are too warmly clad—heavy flannel underwear supplemented by thick chest pads is very often worn even in warm summer weather. The evil effects of this continual over clothing are so often apparent that great care must be taken to give proper advice. Clothing should conform to the weather. All this is covered in the advice given to those patients who visit the dispensary.

As soon as the number of patients warrant it a trained nurse will be appointed on the Dispensary staff to visit the home of every tuberculosis patient who registers at the Dispensary. Inside the home the visiting nurse will find out what seem to be the trifling precautions that are unheeded, but the non-observance of which is the principal cause of the spread of the infection. Is the tooth brush used by the patient kept by the side of the others in that home? Is a common towel used? Does the consumptive use the same bed with any other person? Is there any disinfection of clothing, bedding, eating utensils and of all other articles used by the patient? All these things will be carefully investigated by the visiting nurse who will also ascertain if the patient is using the sputum cups and paper napkins given out at the dispensary. The whole life of the household will be carefully studied by the nurse and every member will receive thorough instruction as to what is necessary to prevent them from being infected by the consumptive patient. In many cases the nurse will find a brother or sister in which tuberculosis is suspected. This member of the family will be urged to come to the dispensary for examination, and many a case will thus be found and placed under treatment at a time that will insure recovery if proper care is taken.

Every effort is being made to have the work of the dispensary known throughout the entire county of McKean, so that as many as possible may take advantage of it.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is best for cuts, burns, boils, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER

The Democrat Misinterprets Law.

On account of the MINER making the statement that "voters are urged to find out the views of the several candidates for borough councilman on the paving question before making their selections," our down-town neighbor comes out with the following last week:

"Under the corrupt practice act a candidate for office has no right to make ante-election promises in order to gain votes, and the candidate who transgresses the law in any way is quite likely to get himself into trouble. Here in Smethport candidates for a certain borough office have been called upon by a newspaper to declare themselves on a certain proposition before the people as a prerequisite to their fitness to be voted for at the February election. No candidate who has any regard for his oath of office, we take it, will harken to any such injudicious advice from a newspaper that ought to be in better business than to advise a prospective candidate to break one of the important provisions of the corrupt practice law. A man can very well afford to be defeated for office, but he cannot afford to violate the law in order to win an election."

What prompted the editor of the Democrat to publish such a ridiculous statement as is contained in the above paragraph is beyond the understanding of anyone who is familiar with the provisions of the "Corrupt Practice Act." In the first place it would be against public policy to pass an act which would make it unlawful for a candidate for office to state his position in regard to matters of general interest to the people. And in the second place there is absolutely nothing in this law that could possibly be construed by anyone of ordinary intelligence into anything like the meaning the Democrat gives it. Section 4 of this act, which practically covers the whole meaning of the act, says: "No candidate, and no treasurer of any political committee, shall pay, give or lend, or agree to pay, give or lend, either directly or indirectly, any money or any other valuable thing for any nomination or election expenses whatever, except for the following purposes." (The purposes are then recited.)

If the Democrat's interpretation of this law was correct no candidate or political party would have the right to a platform or a position on any of the live issues of the day, delegates to State and National conventions would have to be chosen without letting their constituents know who they would support and Assemblymen and Senators would have no right to let the voters who elect them know who they would favor for U. S. Senator, how they would vote on the local option question or, in fact, any law that might come before those bodies no matter how vitally it might interest the people.

The Democrat is certainly on the wrong trail this time, either through ignorance or a desire to put the MINER in a bad light, and if its editor has any idea that any of its readers believed the statements set forth in its article of last week, it will be only justice to such readers for the Democrat to make a proper correction and apology.

Election Contest Settled.

County Commissioners Peterson and Devlin went to Corydon township yesterday, opened a ballot box and recounted votes cast in that district at the recent primary election. This was done in accordance with law, following a petition duly filed.

In 11 instances incorrect counts were found, but the general results shown in the original count were not changed so far as the nomination of candidates and election of board officers were concerned. The mistakes made were in connection with local offices chiefly, voters casting ballots for more than the number specified in the list of candidates on the official ballots.

One case of alleged non-residence was easily disposed of. A voter, whose right of suffrage had been questioned, had been in the district the required length of time, it was shown, and thus the incident was brought to an amicable close.—Wednesday's Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 1, 1908:

Roy Brown, Frank Carter, William Gross, Jas. H. Jones, Burt Mecow, Long Patterson, William Shattuck.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little one in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Miller.—At the residence of Mrs. L. T. Medbury in this place on Sunday, April 22, 1888, at 9:30 a. m., Mrs. M. J., wife of M. J. Miller of Rixford, aged 40 years. Mrs. Miller came to this place on the 3rd inst., to be treated for Bright's disease by Dr. Freeman, and remained under the tender care of her husband and Mrs. Medbury until her death. Everything that love and medical skill could afford was done to prolong her life, but her disease was far advanced when she came and notwithstanding all that could be done, the disease terminated fatally. The deceased was a resigned and patient sufferer, leaving to her loved ones the precious testimony that she passed away sweetly trusting in her Saviour. At the time of her death her husband and three eldest children were with her and after a brief service read by Rev. W. H. Willsham, they went with the remains to their home. The bereaved and sorrowing husband, children, relatives and friends have the tender sympathy of the people of Smethport, especially of the members of the Baptist church and the Royal Templars, of which organization both Mr. and Mrs. Miller had become members in their own locality.

A freight brakeman on the B., R. & K. railroad, by the name of Patrick Sheehan, was fatally injured while performing his duties at Kinzua Junction, on Wednesday afternoon, May 9, 1888. It appears that there was some switching to be done at the junction and he and the crew began the work. In some manner the young man became caught between the cars, which were coming together with great force, and before he could free himself he was caught by the bumpers, crushing his right leg at the thigh. He was immediately taken to Bradford where he died at about 8 p. m. Deceased was about 21 years of age and the only one upon which a widowed mother depended for assistance. The remains were taken to Wellsville, his home, for burial. The railroad bore the expenses of the funeral.

Henderson—At his home at Crosby Station, a few miles south of this borough, on Monday night May 7, 1888, of pneumonia, Charles, only son of Joseph Henderson, Esq., in the 20th year of his age. Deceased was a young man of good habits and had, for the past year, been employed in Smith and Newell's mill. About the first of May he contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, to which he finally succumbed. He was highly esteemed by his employers and fellow men, and in fact all who knew him. Funeral services were held at Union church, Colegrove, Rev. J. H. Hawkins officiating, and were attended by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. The remains were interred in the Colegrove cemetery.

Mr. Byron W. Badger and Miss Nellie O. Hamlin, both of this borough, were married at Olean on Tuesday May 8, 1888, by Rev. Dox.

This community was shocked on Monday evening, May 7, 1888, to learn that our well-known citizen, J. G. Eaton, had died suddenly of heart disease at his residence on Mechanic street. He was engaged at the hotel of B. F. Wright in a chemical capacity, and after having eaten his supper complained of not feeling well and of a severe pain in his chest. His son-in-law, Mr. Frank Rumsey, happened to drop into the hotel about that time and heard him speak of the pain he was suffering and persuaded him to go home, the distance of a square from the Wright House. Upon reaching his residence he laid down upon a lounge, at the same time acquainting Mrs. Eaton of his feelings, but insisting that she should not call a physician, which she proposed to do as he thought he would feel better in a few moments. Within forty-five minutes (at 8 p. m.) from the time of entering his house he breathed his last. Judson G. Eaton was born at Springville, Erie county, New York, on the 10th day of August, 1823. He was a son of Sylvester Eaton and a grandson of Rufus Eaton, the first settler of Springville. Deceased came to Smethport in 1850 and engaged in the grocery business with Elon Eaton. He afterwards followed the tin and hardware business for many years and was undoubtedly the most skilled workman as a tinner of any man who ever resided in this place. He was married on the 4th day of September, 1856, to Sarah E. Bennett, a daughter of the late Oshea R. Bennett and a sister of Mrs. B. F. Wright and Mrs. E. F. Richmond. He leaves besides his wife, three daughters, Nina L., wife of Frank Rumsey, Lucy C., wife of our well known attorney, Sheridan Gorton and Geneva, the youngest daughter, aged about 19 years. Mr. Eaton has been a sufferer from an affection of the heart for many years and his family were expecting that his death would be sudden whenever it occurred. He was a man of marked characteristics, of strong prejudices, but strictly honorable in business transactions. The funeral services were held at the family residence on Wednesday, at 4 p. m. and were conducted by Rev. Willsham of the Baptist church. A large concourse of relatives and friends were in attendance, and followed the remains of the deceased to their last resting place in Rose Hill cemetery.

On Wednesday evening, May 16, 1888, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Vickery celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. The presents were numerous and many of them of great value to housekeepers. The following neighbors and friends were present and assisted in celebrating the event. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Portis, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McClure, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wettenhall, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moses, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerns, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Raymer, Mrs. Joe Reilly, Mrs. Carl Sasse, Miss Lydia Burlingame, Miss Bertha Kerns, Miss Addie Brownell and Geo. R. Brownell.

—Died, at the residence of Robert King, Esq., in this borough, on Tuesday morning, May 22nd, at 4 o'clock, Miss Sarah Housler, aged 66 years. Miss Housler was the daughter of Adam Housler, one of the first settlers of this county. At 12 years of age she commenced living with the family of the late Orlo J. Hamlin, of this place, and she remained with that family until the death of Mrs. Hamlin, which occurred in 1881. Mr. Hamlin having died the year before. Since then with the exception of one year that she was with the family of J. C. Hamlin, Esq., she has resided with the King family, Mrs. King being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin. For several years past she has been confined to her room owing to paralysis. The first stroke occurred eight years ago and the last, four months. The funeral services were held at the King residence on Main street on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. The remains were buried in Rose Hill cemetery.

Roosevelt-ism.

However much men may differ in their judgment as to his manner and methods, there is one great truth about President Roosevelt and Roosevelt-ism that sticks out all over. In the main he must be right, and eternally right, or we would not now behold the spectacle of Democrats and Republicans squabbling to obtain party advantage from his recent special message. This is a most unique tribute to the force and vitality of Roosevelt-ism—to its hold upon the popular mind. It betrays a deep-seated belief among the leaders of both great parties that the policies which were once scoffed at, and that even now are contemned in certain circles not necessary to specify here, have come to stay and may be accepted as an enduring advance in the practice of government. Few of those who have spoken in congress or who have been quoted in interviews have commended the form or the language of the much-discussed message, and there has been some notable agreement that the time of its presentation was inopportune. But the unconcealed anxiety of prominent Democrats no less than Republicans to subscribe to the purpose and general sentiment of this document is an unmistakable indication that the President's position is unchallengable. After all, this is the most remarkable thing about a remarkable incident, and one which Republicans at least can view with complacency.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

At times when you don't feel just right, when you have a bad stomach, take something right away that will assist digestion; not something that will stimulate for a time but something that will positively do the very work that the stomach preforms under ordinary and normal conditions, something that will make the food digest. To do this you must take a natural digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids with natural digestants and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Each dose will digest more than 3,000 grains of good food. It is sure to afford prompt relief; it digests what you eat and is pleasant to take. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 80 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Carload of Salt Received.

Geo. W. King of East Smethport announces that he has just received a carload of Colonial Salt, dairy and table grades, and course and fine salt in barrels. 3w

Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers, pleasant little pills. They are easy to take. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

At the Country Club.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

The four women were drinking tea. Somewhere out in the October afternoon were four men who made up the friendly octet, but the women, on account of the coolness of the day and the charm of the big fireplace, had elected to stay away from the links.

Three of the women were not young, although the signs of age had been modified by careful grooming and diligent massage. Mrs. Amesbury even looked young with her slender figure, her shining hair and her grace of gesture and of carriage.

But Tressie Stuart was young, and therein lay the difference. Built inside Mrs. Amesbury uneasy. One might give the lie to age by attention to complexion and costume, but there was a quality in Tressie's laugh, a light in her eyes, a buoyancy of spirit, that separated her from the other women and cast the blight of contrast upon their beauty.

"Tressie," Mrs. Amesbury said, "stop rollicking around the room. You make me nervous."

"Oh, do I?" Tressie's apology was inadequate. "It's something in the air, I think. These fall days make me feel like a young colt. I want to be out of doors, and here we are drinking tea by the fire, like a lot of old lubby cats."

"We are a lot of old lubby cats," Miss Angela Amesbury agreed cheerfully. Fillide her sister-in-law, she did not aspire to youthfulness. Having steered herself safely out of a somewhat emotional girlhood into a calm old maidism, she was prepared to claim all middle aged privileges, and tea drinking at the country club was an indulgence that appealed to her comfortable soul.

"You are the only kitten in the crowd, Tressie," she went on. "Run out and meet the men. They must be coming in by this time."

"Angela," Mrs. Amesbury reproved her, "Tressie can't go without a chaperon."

"Why not?" Angela asked bluntly. "Two of the men are her uncles, the third is your husband, and she has known Junior Mason since she was a baby."

"Oh, well"—Mrs. Amesbury shrugged her shoulders—"you know we don't think alike on such matters."

"No, thank goodness," said Miss Angela. And then the hitherto silent Aunt Georgia Stuart, who was officially Tressie's chaperon, interposed.

Tressie stamped her little foot at Mrs. Amesbury. And Mrs. Amesbury, with another shrug of her shoulders, gave up the argument and poured herself a second cup of tea.

And so it happened that as Junior Mason came up the elm walk toward the Country club, with the dull orange of the sunset behind him, he saw hurrying to meet him Tressie Stuart in scarlet coat and soft brimmed hat.

"I should have died if I had stayed in there another minute," she told him. "Can't we walk somewhere before dark comes? This air is like wine."

"It's awfully muddy," he stated dubiously. "In this path under the trees. The other men are coming around by the road, but this was the shorter way, and I wanted to get a few minutes with you before the whole crowd began to piffle piffle."

"Don't be stingy," Tressie admonished.

"Well, you wouldn't call their small talk conversation, would you? It's piffle piffle, and Mrs. Amesbury is the worst of the lot."

"I am ashamed of you," Tressie scolded, "to criticise your elders."

"Mrs. Amesbury wouldn't thank you for calling her anybody's elder. She considers herself the leading juvenile of the Country club. That's why she's jealous of you."

Tressie stared at him.

"Junior," she said severely, "I didn't know you could be so critical of a woman."

He had the grace to look uncomfortable.

"She's made me so unhappy about you, Tressie," he blurted out at length.

"About me?"

"Yes, when you were away all summer and didn't write to me once."

Tressie's eyes were on the sunset.

"No, I didn't write," she said after a pause.

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Amesbury said—that there was another girl, Junior."

"What?"

"Yes. She said you were paying devoted attention to a little Kentucky singer."

"Oh!" Junior flung up his head. "And she told me you were going to marry old General Barnes."

"Who told you?" Tressie demanded.

"Mrs. Amesbury."

"Well, of all things!" Tressie's cheeks were flaming. "And you believed her, Junior?"

"Well, you believed about the Kentucky girl."

For a moment accusing brown eyes met accusing blue ones, and then they both laughed, the joyous laugh of youth that has come into its own again.

"She is good at—fiction," Tressie summed up. "She ought to be punished, Junior."

"Oh, let her go," Junior asserted, "and we will go for a walk, Tressie, and I will tell you all the things I have wanted to write and didn't dare."

But she would not go.

"It is getting too dark," she said, "and even if I have known you all my life, Junior, we must have some regard for conventions."

"Then let us slip in through the French windows and sit in the curtained alcove. They won't see us come in, and we can talk until dinner time."

The alcove was opposite the fireplace, and gave a full view of the three women at the low wicker tea table. Mrs. Amesbury was prattling gayly.

"You see, dear Junior's money is a great temptation to the girls. Now even Tressie"—

Tressie in concealment grasped, and there was wrath in her eyes.

"Don't mind her," Junior whispered. "I know you love me for myself."

Tressie whirled around on him.

"Who told you that I cared?" she demanded. "You are taking a great deal for granted, Junior."

"Please can't I take it for granted?" he urged. "I am going to propose to you right now, Tressie, or Mrs. Amesbury will never give me another chance."

They came out of their dream of happiness some time later to hear Angela protesting.

"But you wouldn't tie such beautiful girlishness as Tressie's to that worn-out old General Barnes?"

"She is very rich," Mrs. Amesbury evaded.

"I think Tressie will marry Junior Mason," Aunt Georgia said placidly. "They are great friends."

Mrs. Amesbury shook her head pityingly.

"Junior likes so many girls. Now, there was that little girl from Kentucky"—

Behind the curtains Junior growled "Piffle puffle," but Tressie put her fingers over his lips, and he kissed the fingers and sniffed at her.

"Junior Mason is in love with Tressie," Miss Angela stated. "And you know it, Marion. You had better let him marry her, and then she will be out of the running."

Mrs. Amesbury stared at her sister-in-law haughtily. "I don't know what you mean, Angela," she said.

"Yes, you do." Miss Angela did not mince words. "You know you had always been the belle of the Country club until Tressie Stuart came, and you don't like to abdicate to youth and beauty."

Mrs. Amesbury straightened up in her chair and glared at the sour Miss Angela.

"You are insufferable, Angela," she began, and then as the three missing men appeared in the doorway, she swept toward them. "We were just talking," she hissed sweetly, "of what we should have for dinner. Oysters and canvasbacks, don't you think, with orange salad and anything else you may suggest?"

Behind the curtains Tressie and Junior were arguing.

"I am going to announce it at once," Junior insisted.

"But"— Tressie began.

"There are no buts," Junior stated grimly, "and there are a dozen reasons why I should tell them that we are engaged."

And just then Mrs. Amesbury discovered them.

"Why, Tressie Stuart!" she cried as she opened the curtains. "How long have you been here?"

"Oh, a half hour," Tressie confided. "Haven't we, Junior?"

"Long enough for me to propose to Tressie," Junior said, making the astounding statement calmly.

"And she has said 'Yes,'" Junior went on. "I know you will congratulate us, Mrs. Amesbury."

And then with a last fling Mrs. Amesbury gave it up.

"My dear," she said jitingly as she kissed the repentant Tressie, "who would have dreamed that it was poor little you that Junior really cared for?"

The Ermine.

Across the stream a little above the bank a beautiful white creature was running rapidly about among the stones. It would often vanish for a time, then come into view again at some distance from the hole into which it had disappeared. Ever on the move, peering and snuffing here, there and everywhere, it would have been almost invisible on the snow in its coat of pure white were it not for the jet black tip on its tail and the flashing deep brown eyes and inquisitive nose.

This graceful, active little creature was the ermine, with whose white fur we are all familiar and which in many countries is used for the royal robes of kings and queens to be worn at coronations and on other very special occasions. It is also used in some countries for the trimming of the cloaks of judges which they wear when sitting in court, and there is a saying that when a man is made a judge he "dons the ermine." In the olden days the fur of the ermine was symbolic of purity. In this country the pretty white fur made up with the black tips of the tails placed at regular intervals is very popular.—Charles Livingston Bull in Metropolitan Magazine.

Historic Wedding Ring.

After the great battle of Edgehill, fought when Charles I. was king of England, it was noticed that one of his bravest officers, an ancestor of the present Verney family, was missing. Search was made for the gallant soldier. Nothing was found but the gloved hand, still clutching the royal standard, and the wedding ring which he always wore still encircled the finger. The ornament was worn outside the gloved hand. With this historic relic the Verney family of Clayton, Buckinghamshire, England, have solemnized all their marriages, the ordinary gold band always being substituted after the ceremony. One marriage in which this wonderful ring was in use was that of Sir Henry Verney to the sister of Florence Nightingale.

Between Friends.

Nan—Did you notice how dreadfully that piano needed tuning? Fan—Why, no, dear; I thought it harmonized perfectly with your voice.—Chicago Tribune.

There is no tyrant like custom and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.—Bovee.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Boss Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A FRENCH HERCULES.

Marvelous Strength of the Father of Alexandre Dumas.

My father was twenty-four at the time of enlisting and as handsome a young fellow as could be found anywhere.

His free colonial life had developed his strength and prowess to an extraordinary degree. He was a veritable American horse tad, a cowboy. His skill with gun and pistol was the envy of St. Georges and Junot, and his muscular strength became a proverb in the army. More than once he amused himself in the riding school by passing under a beam, grasping it with his arms and lifting his horse between his legs. I have seen him do it, and I recollect my childish amusement when I saw him carry two men standing upon his bent knee and hop across the room with these two men on him. I saw him once in a rage take a branch of considerable toughness in both his hands and break it between them by turning one hand to the right and the other to the left.

A few years later the gallant hussar was a brigadier general and performing feats of valor which earned him the title of "the Horatius Codes of the Tyrol." Best of all we like the son's description of Horatius' storming of Mont Cenis:

The climbers reached the plateau. Although it was a dark night, the long line of soldiers, clothed in blue uniforms, could have been perceived outlined against the snow from the fort. But my father had foreseen this contingency; each man had a cotton cap and a shirt rolled up in his knapsack. This was the ordinary dress my father adopted at night when he hunted chamois.

They reached the foot of the palisades without having roused a single challenge. The men began climbing the palisades as soon as they reached them, but, thanks to my father's herculean strength, he thought of a better and quicker way, namely, to take each man by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and throw him over the palisades. The snow would break the fall and also deaden the noise. Surprised out of their sleep and seeing the French soldiers in their midst without knowing how they had come there, the Piedmontese hardly offered any resistance.—From "My Memoirs," by Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller.

OLD TIME SURGERY.

The Barbarous Methods of the Sixteenth Century.

Ambroise Pare, a barber surgeon of the sixteenth century, tells in his notes how in 1537 he went to the long wars to get practice in surgery. He invented some new processes, particularly in the treatment of amputated limbs.

Up to Pare's time the most barbarous means had been used to stop the bleeding. In his own words: "So soon as the limb was removed the surgeons would use many cauteries to stop the flow of blood, a thing very horrible and cruel in the mere telling. And truly of six thus cruelly treated scarce two ever escaped, and even these were long ill, and the wounds thus burned were slow to heal, because the burning caused such vehement pains that they fell into fever, convulsions and other mortal accidents. In most of them, moreover, when the scar fell off there came fresh bleeding, which must again be stanched with the cauteries. So that for many healing was impossible, and they had of needs to the end of their lives, which prevented them from having an artificial limb."

The idea of abolishing such cruelty by using the ligature occurred to Pare in one of his war journeys, and his success went beyond his own expectations. His other discovery was made within a few hours of his joining the army. It was believed by the surgeons of the day that there was poison in a gunshot wound, and one of the accepted authorities insisted that they must be cauterized "with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle." The pain was intolerable. It happened that at his first treatment of gunshot wounds Pare's oil ran short, and he used instead "a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses and turpentine." To his surprise he found next morning that the patients he had thus treated were in better condition than the others. "Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds."

Newton's Fearful Crime.

At the end of a meal at Haydon's house Keats proposed a toast in these terms: "Dishonor to the memory of Newton."

The guests stared at him in questioning surprise, and Wordsworth asked for an explanation.

"It is," answered Keats, "because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." And the artists all drank, with one consent, confusion to the savant.

A Great Change.

Old Nurse (to young lady who is going to New Zealand)—So you're going away to one of the countries, Miss Mary, where they have day when we have night and night when we have day?

Miss Mary—Yes, nurse.

Old Nurse—Eh, it will take ye some time to get accustomed to the change!—London Punch's Almanac.

Quite Familiar.

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy in his excitement responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder headed idiots!"—London Tit-Bits.

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Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
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In good, reliable companies.

The Scrap Book

Polly's Reasoning.

A lady owned a parrot addicted to swearing. Whenever Polly forgot himself his mistress would souse him in a handy pail of water as a punishment. One day a chicken fell in a rain barrel and was nearly drowned. The lady placed it behind the stove on a rug until it should recover. Polly, after eying it critically for a moment or two, blurted out, "You've been swearing again, you little fool."

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER.

She's up there—Old Glory—whose light-rings are spun!
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory! How bright the stars stream!
And the stripes, like red signals of liberty, gleam,
And we dare for her living or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars,
She's the flag of our country forever!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Flag Was There.

A young mother had a habit of airing the baby's clothes at the window. Her husband believed that if she saw the practice as others saw it she would desist. He directed their walk one day so as to bring the nursery window into full view. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the baby's dress flapping amorously in the breeze and asked sarcastically, "My dear, what is that displayed from our window?"

"That? Why, that is the flag of our union!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Why the Stove Was Elevated.

Two professors were the guests of a college chum at a hunting camp in the woods. When they entered the camp their attention was attracted to the unusual position of the stove, which was set on posts about four feet high.

One of the professors began to comment upon the knowledge woodsmen gain by observation. "Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof, and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove were in its regular place on the floor."

The other professor was of the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window in order that cool [illegible]

The host, being more practical, contended that the stove was elevated in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry.

After considerable argument each man placed a dollar bill upon the table, and it was agreed that the one whose opinion was nearest the guide's reason for elevating the stove should take the pot.

The guide was called and asked why the stove was placed in such an unusual position.

"Well," said he, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stovepipe overboard and had to set the stove up there so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."—He got the money.

In Its Native Element.

His clothes were spotted with dirt and grease, but a bright bunch of flowers adorned the lapel of his coat.

"What do you think of this?" he asked, proudly tapping his bouquet. "Where do you think I got it?"

"Don't know," admitted his friend, "unless— Why, maybe it grew there."—Everybody's.

The Only Perfect Couple.

She was a widow, and her second venture was a widower. He hadn't much to say in response when his wife had a great deal to remind him of, especially when she compared him with her former. One night he went to sleep while she was telling him the old, old story. Along in the middle of the night his wife was awakened by his uneasy turning.

"John," she said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Susan."

"What's the matter?"

"I was just thinking if your first had married my first they would have been the only perfect couple on earth."

Then he went to sleep again.—Lippincott's.

A Historic Pig.

It was a single vote cast in a town election in Rhode Island, in 1811, which led to the declaration of war with England in 1812 and later resulted in the election of General Jackson as president.

In the spring of 1811, at the annual election in Rhode Island, in one of the towns the voting between the parties had been for years very close, not more than a majority of one or two votes. The polls closed at 6 o'clock, and a Federal farmer, delaying voting until late in the afternoon, hurriedly crossed his fields to reach the polls.

In passing his last fence he found one of his valuable pigs fast between the rails and stopped to get it out.

Succeeding finally, he started on a run for the voting place, but when within 100 feet of it the town clock struck 6, and the polls closed without his vote.

The result was that a Democrat, or war representative, from that town was elected by one vote. When the general assembly met a few weeks later a Democratic, or war, United States senator was chosen on joint ballot by one majority.

In 1812 the declaration of war with England was carried in the United States senate by one vote. General Jackson was nominated as major general and confirmed by one vote on Jan. 8, 1815. He commanded the army at the battle of New Orleans, gained a victory, became a popular military hero and as his reward was elected and re-elected president of the United States, turned out all the Whigs, removed the deposits, vetoed the national bank bill and all on account of that pig in Rhode Island that got fast to a rail fence.

Lincoln to McClellan.

President Lincoln once wrote the following letter to General McClellan when the latter was in command of the army. General McClellan, as is well known, was so careful not to make mistakes that he made little headway:

My Dear McClellan:

If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for awhile. Yours respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

Bathing Under Difficulties.

An American doctor built an elegant home. His bathroom was exceptionally beautiful, being of white marble with silver hardware. A music box was concealed in the room. After completion of the home an Englishman came to visit the doctor.

After showing his home to the Englishman, the doctor remembered the fondness English people have for the bath and escorted his guest to the bathroom and while there turned on the music box, wishing to give his guest a pleasant surprise as he imagined. Then he left his friend in the bathroom.

About an hour later the Englishman joined his host in the drawing room. The doctor asked what his guest thought of the bathroom. The Englishman replied, "It is beautiful—beautiful."

"Well," said the doctor, "how did you like my music box?"

"The only thing it played was 'God Save the King,' and I had to stand up the whole time I was trying to bathe."

The Age of Discretion.

"At just what period would you place the attainment of discretion?" asked a friend of Spenker Canpon.

"Generally speaking," answered Uncle Joe, "I should say that a young fellow has reached the age of discretion when he removes from his walls the pictures of actresses and substitutes therefor a portrait of his wealthy bachelor uncle."—Lippincott's.

The Disappointed Office Seeker.

Back in 1856, when Buchanan was running for the presidency, he had an intimate friend in a western state who was a friend of mine, says an old timer. This man worked early and late for Buchanan's cause and really did as much as any one else to put his state in the Buchanan column on election day.

My friend, whom we will call Smith, had a wife who was an invalid. He thought that he was entitled to some recognition—as he was—for the work he had done, and he applied for a consulate, on the coast of the Mediterranean, believing that the sojourn there would improve his wife's health.

Months went by and he heard nothing of his application, except that it had been received by the president. Then came the blow. He was notified that he had been made consul at some little town in Iceland! Smith sat down and wrote a letter, which I saw before it left, so I can vouch for it. The letter read:

"To One James Buchanan, President of these United States:

"Since applying to you some months ago for a consulate on the balmy shores of the Mediterranean my wife, who was ill, has gone to heaven, and you can go to hell!"

He Wanted a Rest.

There was not even standing room in the car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back into the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened he said quietly, "Hadn't you better stay here?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Shakespeare on Love.

They love least that let men know their love.

Too light winning makes the prize light.

To be wise and love exceeds man's might.

At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs.

By love the young and tender wit is turned to folly.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

One who loved not wisely, but too well.

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in health is short lived.

At Close Range.

Sergeant Murphy had a squad of recruits on the rifle range. He tried them out on the 500 yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300, 200 and 100 yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range, he scratched his head and regarded them perplexedly. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Squad, attintion!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Char-r-ge!"—Everybody's.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—It is said that Olean has dropped out of the Lake Erie Trotting Association and no races will be held there this year, unless as an independent affair.

—Friday, Feb. 14, the attraction at the Lyceum is an adequately staged presentation of the most popular of all dramas, "East Lynn," by Joseph King's New York company.

—Don't forget the dance to be given by the Catholic ladies of Colegrove and Crosby at the Red Men's new hall in Crosby to-morrow (Friday) night. All are invited and a good time assured.

—"East Lynn," without exception the greatest emotional drama ever written, will shortly receive one of the most meritorious presentations ever accorded it in Smethport by Joseph King's company.

—One of the worst snow and wind storms in years has been raging in this section since last Friday night, accompanied by extreme cold weather. Nearly all trains are greatly delayed and many highways are impassable on account of snow drifts.

—The dwelling house of E. W. Workley on East King street is quarantined on account of the illness of his little daughter, Margaret, with diphtheria. It is understood that the child is not in a dangerous condition as the attack of the malady is a mild one.

—A number of friends and neighbors of Mrs. C. L. Irons of East Main street rendered her a very pleasant surprise Saturday evening. The occasion was a highly enjoyable one for all who were present. Mrs. Irons was presented with a salad set and a cream and sugar set.

—Charles A. Carlson, a woodsman contractor, shot and killed himself in the LaMont hotel at Kane last Wednesday. He was a middle-aged man quite well known in Kane and vicinity and no reason is known why he should have wished to end his life. He leaves a widow and two children.

—A man who said he was Joseph Miller of Bradford, Pa., on his way to Antwerp, committed suicide at Baumann's hotel in Jersey City recently by shooting. On the morning of the day of his death Miller said two men he met near the steamship ticket office told him they were going to Antwerp also, and learning he had $900, produced a like amount and the four funds were placed in a tin can which he was to keep without opening until they came to the hotel on Wednesday. Baumann told him to open the can and see if he had not been swindled. He did so and found a roll of old paper about which was wrapped two $1 notes. Instead of going to the steamship, Miller went to his room. Shortly after the report of a pistol was heard.

—The MINER has a new clubbing offer. The Metropolitan Magazine and the MINER each one year for $1.65 in advance. The regular price of the Metropolitan is $1.50 per year or 15 cents per copy and it is as good a magazine as is published at that price. No better clubbing offer was ever made and our readers should take advantage of this liberal offer.

—Attorney C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany walked from Smethport to Port Allegany last Tuesday in three hours. The distance is 13 miles and pars Mr. Catlin in the front rank of "Westonites." He should be elected to membership in the Olean Snow Shoe club. Percy Allen, Esq., accompanied him on his walk. Mr. Catlin says walking is the best exercise he knows.—Bradford Star.

—The plant of the Custer City Chemical Company at Custer City was slightly damaged by fire which started at about 7 o'clock Tuesday evening. The flames started from the upsetting of a can containing combustable matter, while a retort was being emptied. The blaze was confined to the north end of the main building, the damage being principally to the roof.—Bradford Era.

—John C. Anderson, who resides at 100 Alma street, and who was burned in a fire which destroyed the rooming house where he boarded while working in Buffalo, died in the Emergency hospital of Buffalo yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Anderson was apprised of her husband's condition late Friday evening and she departed early yesterday morning for Buffalo and was at his bedside when the end came.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

—Rev. Thomas Cardus, presiding elder of the Olean district of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at his residence in Olean at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening. The end was very sudden and unexpected. Dr. Cardus was in his usual health during the day and was upon the street during the afternoon. This evening he ate his supper as usual. Within a few minutes he complained of severe pains in his chest and his breathing was difficult. Drs. Cowell and Morris were summoned to the bedside of the good divine and did all in their power to save him. The end came at about 7:30 o'clock. Death was due to congestion and heart failure. Deceased was one of the best known church workers in the country. He was instrumental in the establishment of a number of churches in the smaller towns of this vicinity as well as some of the larger ones. Dr. Cardus is survived by his widow, one son, Arthur Cardus of New York, and two daughters, Misses Gertrude and Marion Cardus of Olean.

A Bold Step.

In spurning the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of patent medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed the objections from among correct meanings of doubtful merits, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown conclusively the worthlessness of such arguments that he is not afraid to subject them to the most critical examination.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, bad liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, in printed type in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments, affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, was known to the Indians as "Squaw Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, irregularities, subversion and deterversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

Condor Individuality.

We had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor head. The bill was horn color, and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about halfway. The legs were tan, but on each knee was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood red and could be seen occasionally when the lowest feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange red, and below this on the neck was a strip of green fish yellow, merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye but, the orange red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep and red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, the flabby jowls, with the cavernous expression of a toothless old woman these helped to make up the condor individuality.—William L. Finley in Century.

It Didn't Come Natural.

"I have heard that man tell the truth once or twice," said one Wall street man talking of another. "He can tell the truth readily enough—but it does not come natural to him. He reminds me of the Russian moujik.

"A Russian moujik sat one day in the anteroom of the military commissioner of his town. There was an anxious frown on his face. A friend approached and said:

"'What is the matter, Ivan?'

"'I am worried,' Ivan answered, 'about my son. I don't know what to say when the commissioner asks me about his age. You see, if I make him younger than he is he will be sent back to school, and if I make him older they'll stick him in the army. What the deuce am I to do?'

"'How would it do,' said the friend thoughtfully, 'if you told the commissioner his exact age?'

"Ivan slapped his leg and laughed delightedly.

"'The very thing!' he cried. 'I never thought of that!'"

Pay of Army Officers.

When a young man becomes a cadet at West Point he draws upon the government allowance of $540 a year.

On graduation the West Pointer is commissioned a second lieutenant and receives a salary of $1,400 if mounted or $1,500 if mounted. Increases at each five year period bring the pay at the end of twenty years up to $1,900 in the one case and $2,100 in the other.

The pay of first lieutenants begins at $1,500 and $1,600; captains, $1,800 and $2,000; majors, $2,500; lieutenant colonels, $3,000; colonels, $3,500. Each officer attains a 40 per cent maximum increase in twenty years.

On the average the salary of the army officer is higher than that of the college professor, the minister or the graded civil service employee. The officer has allowances for rations and personal attendance. He may buy household supplies from a government commissary at cost.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Could We Live on Mars?

The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the earth and the moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the moon and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the earth. Even if the physical conditions, as we understand them, were equally favorable with those on the earth, civilization would by no means be a necessary consequence. Had it not been settled by Europeans the United States would still be a wilderness. How much less should we hasten to accord civilization to a planet of which we know little, except that if we were transported there ourselves we should instantly die.—Professor W. H. Pickering in Harper's Magazine.

Wise Insects.

In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects M. Plateau, the Belgian zoologist, bethought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and strong odor and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.—Youth's Companion.

Joining the Great.

An Oxford undergraduate was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Pitt is dead. Fox is dead. Gladstone is dead!"—Then, forgetting, he hesitated for a moment and continued, "And—I—I—I am beginning to feel pretty 'sick' myself."—Lloyd's Weekly.

The Poet's Son.

"Why, Freddy, how dirty you are, and only yesterday you wrote a verse for papa's birthday, promising always to wash your hands clean."

"Well, mamma, that was only a poetic license."—Fliegende Blatter.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

He Knew Her.

The conductor looked at the thin man.

"Do you see that stout woman at the other end of the car, the one with the monkey hair" he asked.

"I think I see the one you mean," the thin man responded.

"Those, she's looking this way," said the conductor. "Well, sir, I admire that woman."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do. She may have a squint and wear bad fitting clothes and big shoes, yet I admire her."

"Why?"

"She knows how to get off a car the right way, and that's why. She's too stout, and her hair is nasty, and she hasn't any taste, but when she steps down from the back platform I never worry. I know she'll land all right. I'm dead sure she isn't going to sit down in the mud and ask me for my number. That's why I admire her. Here she comes now. Watch her when she gets off."

The stout woman came down the aisle and briskly descended to the street. And the conductor, with his hand on the bell rope, winked approvingly at the slim man.

Then the stout woman looked around. "Come, George," she called, and the slim man meekly followed her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Simple Minded Kurds.

Some of the peculiar traits of the Kurds of Asia Minor are described by a traveler. "If it were possible to imagine two colors more distinct than black and white it would be possible to imagine two characters more widely differing than those of the Arab and Kurd. The pure Kurd is the most unsophisticated and gullible person in the world so long as you keep away from the material issues. His respect for a man who can read and write is almost pitiable. The Kurds are on the whole blunt and somewhat uncouth, silent and quite incapable of falsehood. If they do wrong—and they often do—they admit the fault in the simplest and most unaffected way. I had a muleteer who was honest, civil and incorrigibly idle. 'Did you ever kill a man?' I asked him one day. 'Yes; sixteen on the Khazat road. When I was a deserter from the army,' came the reply in a voice absolutely unmoved. 'You were a robber?' 'Yes but now, praise be to God, I am married and a muleteer.'"

No Chesterfield.

A Boston man was praising the late Earl of Dunmore.

"Lord Dunmore," he said, "was a good man. Tall and robust and supple, I can see him still with his short gray beard and his kind face. His only fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt—was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted in correctness in eating, in dress, in everything.

"At a dinner in Beacon street once I heard him tell a story about an incorrect self made man, or nouveau riche, as he called him. This man was dressing one night to go out. His wife hustled into the room before he started to look himself over.

"'But, George,' she said reproachfully, 'aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?'

"'No. What's the use?' George growled. 'My cuffpin would hide 'em anyway.'"—New Orleans States.

Proof of Brains.

Mr. Travers, the famous New York wit, once met at dinner a pompous Englishman who was "doing" the States. He had letters a-plenty attesting his importance—letters from Chamberlain, Balfour, Salisbury and Churchill. He had talked everybody tired before the dinner began, and Travers saw visions of a bad meal when he discovered the Englishman to be his neighbor at the table. There was never a stop in the fellow's tongue. When the oysters were brought on he began: "Now, it is a question as to whether or not the oyster has brains. Scientists dispute the idea." "T-t-t-they certainly have some," retorted Travers. "Your proof, sir!" challenged the Briton, eager for argument. "W-wh-why, sir, the o-o-oyster knows h-h-h-how to shut up."

Uplifting the Savage.

We have received the following spicy analysis of British civilizing procedure in Africa from a young Egyptian from Tanta, who shows dramatic aptitudes. The title of his communication is:

A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.

Act 1.—The missionary.
Act 2.—Whisky and pale ale.
Act 3.—The Maxim gun.
Act 4.—A newspaper.
Act 5.—Cricket and football.
Act 6.—Death of the last aborigine.
Finis.—Band plays, "Rule Britannia."

—Egyptian Standard.

Poor Consolation.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the society woman. "I feel so wretched, and this is my receiving day, too! I do hope no one will call, for I'll be in misery all the time."

"Well," remarked her husband facetiously, "I always understood that 'misery loves company.'"—Catholic Standard.

Her Bribe.

Unattractive Maiden Aunt—Goodby, Jottie. Come soon again. I hope you'll forgive my not kissing you, but I have an awful cold, Jottie (aged six)—Never mind. Do kiss me, auntie. Mother said she'd give me 5 cents if I'd let you.—Exchange.

Resented.

The Scotchman (during an argument)—Hoot, man, hoot! The Irishman (hotly)—Shure an' O'll not hoot. Do ye take me for a bloomin' owl?—London Scraps.

Litigation is a process by which at best we win a cat and lose a cow.—Chinese Proverb.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Memory of a Last Delight.

A fireplace any one may have, and in me the wonder is that one clothing mill has abolished the very soul from our northern homes. Fire is no longer the joy of the household, but the slave, imprisoned in the cellar. Ah, but it was delicious when the old fashioned family sat together in the great kitchen around the huge fireplace. All the evening we told stories, ate doughnuts, drank cider, all the time paring apples and hanging the long festoons of quarters from the beams. But the dear little mother, she it was who told the best stories while she was knitting mufflers and socks or mending our well worn clothing. There were no parlors at all in those days, and as for thrummed pianos, we had not yet heard of them. At 9 o'clock, honest and drowsy, we knelt and thanked God for life and love and home. Our bunks and beds and trundle beds were all in close proximity, and from every one of them we could see the flames, still jumping up the chimney while the big firelog was slowly eaten through. There was not one millionaire in all the world, and, indeed, we were not worried over the affair.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

He Told the Reason.

"The necromant to get along must keep his wits about him," said an army official. "Under the most adverse circumstances, he must not lose his head. Always he must be alert and ready, like Hobson, like a scientist I used to know.

"This scientist gave a scientific lecture in a church one night, and at the lecture's end he said, bowing to his audience condescendingly:

"'Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate. I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power.'

"An old lady in spectacles that gave her a severe, stern look rose and said:

"'Why do wet tea leaves fill roaches?'

"The scientist didn't know they did, let alone the cause of the phenomenon. But, never at a loss, he replied:

"'Because, madam, when a roach comes across a wet tea leaf he says, "Hello, here's a blanket!" and wraps himself up in it, catches cold and dies.'—Los Angeles Times.

Bluebeard.

"Bluebeard" originated in France and was called the "Romance of the Chevalier Raoul," the historic figure being a certain Gilles de Laval, lord of Raiz. He was marshal of France in 1429 and though a brave and fearless soldier was addicted to vice and violence, and from this fact was charged with the wholesale murder of young women whose blood he used for the purpose of diabolical incantations. From these circumstances the well of the story is spun.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition.

Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The hides will are the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

INVEST IN TIMBER

The Buffalo Timber Company, Incorporated, offer an opportunity for investment unexcelled as to security and increase in value.

The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

This Company owns Two Hundred Million Feet of the largest and finest standing timber on the continent.

FIFTY DOLLARS A SHARE

Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
418-420 Prudential Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Sate's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 403

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

The Keen County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum. Payable quarterly. One inch counts one inch from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1908.

Announcements.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES F. BARCLAY.
Shinnahoning, Cameron Co., Pa., Feb. 3, 1908.

STATE SENATOR.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th, 1908.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th, 1908.

F. E. BALDWIN.
Austin, Pa., Jan. 20, 1908.

ASSEMBLY.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

ROBERT P. HAMMOND.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

SHERIFF.

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. W. H. MOUNTSIER.
Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. E. W. JONES.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. B. F. STANLEY.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

RECORDER.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on April 11, 1908. H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1908.

REGISTER OF WILLS, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908. JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1908.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908. P. D. HOPKINS.
Kane, Jan. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. OSCAR ESTERBROOK.
Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries. W. I. OVIATT.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. EISEMAN.
Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JOHN J. MCCAREY.
Annin Township, January 11, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908. A. M. MASON.
Bradford Township, Jan. 11, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. A. MCBOARDMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th. DELOS ARMSTRONG.
Bradford, Jan. 30, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th. M. S. COMES.
Keating Township, Jan. 13, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908. A. R. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

J. H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11th, 1908.

BERT J. CUMMINS.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3rd, 1908.

H. M. CHOATE, this week, announces that he is a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Choate is so well known to the voters of McKean county that he hardly needs any introduction. He has been connected with the Recorder's office for so many years and is so thoroughly familiar with every detail that the patrons of this office would miss him greatly should he leave this position but Mr. Choate is a most genial and obliging official and he endears his friends by the number who know him. That he will be nominated and elected is almost certain because the people appreciate that he is the right man in the right place.

KING CARLOS and Crown Prince Luis Phillippe of Portugal were fired upon and killed by a band of men at Lisbon on Saturday last, while riding in an open carriage. The men who did the killing were fired upon by the police and three of them were killed. The assassination is supposed to be the outgrowth of political troubles.

THE Supreme Court has decided that the much used boycott is in restraint of trade and that is violative the anti-sherman trust law. That law, although at first considered a rather easily avoided act, is proving itself to be possessed of many drastic qualities. The law places trades' unions in the same class with trusts, so far as its "restraining" powers are concerned.—Bradford Era.

ON Saturday the jury brought in a verdict to the effect that Harry K. Thaw was "not guilty" of murder on the grounds that he was insane at the time he killed Stanford B. White. Justice Dowling immediately committed him to the criminal ward of the asylum at Matteawan on the ground that his release would endanger public safety, and he was taken to that institution. Thaw rebelled and wanted a writ of habeas corpus issued at once, but, his attorneys thought it best to wait for a short time at least.

JOHN B. EASTMAN announces this week that he is a candidate for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Eastman has filled this position for several years past with perfect satisfaction to all. He is a gentleman who is ever careful and painstaking in fulfilling his duties and has earned the high esteem in which he is held by all who know him. His many friends throughout the county are confident of his nomination and election to the office to which he aspires.

BERT J. CUMMINS announces in this issue that he is a candidate for the nomination of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, next. Mr. Cummins has been a resident of this county nearly all his life, and for the past six years has resided in Smethport. He was station agent for the B., B. & K. Ry., until this branch was abandoned and since that time has been employed in the court house as typewriter, copying deeds, mortgages, etc. Mr. Cummins is a young man of more than usual ability, perfectly capable of filling this position, and he has many friends in this county who will use their best efforts to nominate and elect him to this office.

FRANK E. BALDWIN of Austin, Potter county, announces his candidacy for State Senator from the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. This District is composed of McKean, Potter and Tioga counties, and as Potter county has never had a representative in the State Senate, the voters of that county feel that they are justly entitled to one now. Mr. Baldwin is an able young attorney and is fully qualified to fill the position with credit to himself and his constituents. He was born in Duke Centre about 38 years ago and spent his early life in this county. He studied law in Smethport and was admitted to practice about 16 years ago, soon after moving to Austin where he has built up a lucrative practice. He is genial and amiable and has many friends in McKean and Potter counties who will use their best efforts to nominate and elect him to the office of State Senator.

CAPT. CHARLES F. BARCLAY announces this week that he is a candidate for Member of Congress from the 21st district, which is composed of Clearfield, Cameron, Elk and McKean counties, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Capt. Barclay has represented this district in Congress for the past two years and has proved a faithful servant of the people. He has carefully watched the interests of his constituents and has used his best efforts for their welfare. He is a Republican in every sense of the word and has upheld and assisted in carrying out the policies of President Roosevelt in every instance. He was a soldier in the Civil War, serving his country faithfully, and won high honors in the service. He is a keen, conscientious and conservative business man who is well qualified in every way to fill this most important office and there is little question but he will be nominated and elected by a large plurality.

Everything taken into the stomach should be digested fully within a certain time. When you feel that the food you have eaten is not being digested, take a good, natural digestant that will do the work the digestive juices are not doing. The best remedy known to-day for all stomach troubles is Kodol, which is guaranteed to give prompt relief. It is a natural digestant; it digests what you eat, it is pleasant to take and sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5tf

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE EASE OF TRAVEL TO-DAY.

It has just turned a century since the first boat was propelled by steam. There was not a complete locomotive in existence then nor a mile of railroad track. But the pendulum of time has swung rapidly forward within the last two generations. The railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone have revolutionized the commerce and the industry of the world and have made neighbors of remote people.

First of all in this work of upbuilding, expansion, and development comes the railroad. It is the medium of exchange, the agency of transfer, and wherever it has gone prosperity has followed.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has built thousands of miles of track and equipped it with the best rolling stock. It has constructed or absorbed branch lines and consolidated them with its main stem, thus bringing industrial and manufacturing interests in direct touch with all the centres of trade and affording the people the facilities of travel in all directions. Travel is no longer a dread, it is a pleasure. Comfortable cars by day or night drawn by the best type of locomotives over a roadbed maintained at the highest degree of excellence, eliminate as far as possible the annoyances of travel and make it recreative rather than burdensome. Tickets are sold at the lowest rates consistent with good management and under conditions most accomodating to the passenger. The schedules of the trains are designed to meet the wishes and requirements of the greatest number of travelers, and the equipment, both as to vehicles and employes, is kept at the highest state of efficiency.

It is the object of the management to encourage travel by making it easy. Interchange is the life of the social system. Travel is a tonic to the tired—the lens of observation to all.

The Pennsylvania Railroad sells tickets good for a mile as well as for a trip around the world. It will plan a trip for you or provide the tickets for one of your own selection.

It is a fine thing to have a great transportation agency like the Pennsylvania Railroad at your command.

HUMAN STOMACH HAS BECOME DEGENERATE

Animals Are Healthier Because of Strong Digestive Apparatus.

An interesting interview was recently obtained with L. T. Cooper, the young man whose theory and medicines have created such a sensation during the past year.

Mr. Cooper, in speaking of the remarkable success of his medicine, had this to say on the subject: "My medicine regulates the stomach. That is why it is successful. The human stomach today has become degenerate, and is the cause for most ill health. In the horse, the dog, and the wild animals generally, you see no nerve exhaustion, no chronic debility. They are not shut up day after day with practically no exercise, and they are not able to stuff themselves with food when their bodies have not had enough work to justify it. The human race has been doing this for years, and look at the result—half the people are complaining of poor health, not real illness—just a half-sick, tired, droopy feeling. They don't really know what is the matter with them.

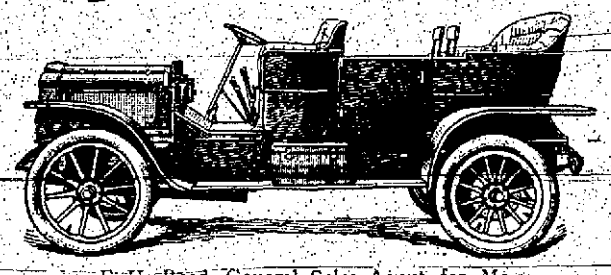
"I know that all the trouble is caused by weak, overworked stomachs. I have proved this with my medicine to many thousands of people in most of the leading cities of this country. I expect to do the same thing in Europe next year. This is the real reason for the demand for my preparation."

Among those who have recently been converted to Cooper's theory is Mr. Monroe Brown of 8 Hancock Street, Winchester, Mass. Mr. Brown has this to say of his experience with the new medicine: "For over seven years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, and for the past year I was lame with rheumatism. I attributed this to my stomach trouble, as my circulation was very poor. What food I ate would turn to gas almost at once. I would have a sensation of bloating, and would have to belch frequently to relieve this. My heart also became affected, and I would suddenly become dizzy and have palpitations. I was tired and dull and despondent at all times. I lost a great deal of flesh, and was nervous and depressed. This went on for over seven years, although I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief.

"When Cooper was in Boston I heard a good deal about his ideas on stomach trouble. Next, one or two friends told me that his medicines had greatly helped them. I purchased some of the New Discovery medicine. Today I am perfectly well; I sleep like a boy, can eat anything and have no rheumatism or heart trouble. I no longer have sap gas on my stomach, and feel as I did years ago. No one could be more astonished by these facts than myself. They are remarkable, but true. This is indeed a wonderful medicine."

The Cooper preparations have been more widely sold and discussed since being introduced than anything of the kind ever before sold by druggists. We sell them and explain their nature. —McCoy's Drug Store.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Our Suit and Overcoat

SALE

is now on.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

We have 50 Hart, Shaffner & Marx Suits from $20.00 up, that we are closing out at $14.00 per. Come and look.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous

Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee.

Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE.

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House,
35c

30c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister,
30c

Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35
cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Two days only in which to take advantage of the January Clearance Prices, and they will save money for YOU. Friday and Saturday are the last days--and we are going to make them the Banner Days of the Sale.

Great Sale of Waists.

$3.00 WAISTS AT $1.98.

These are all fine Waists and latest styles, mostly tailored effects and popular sellers.

Embroideries that were 15c to 25c per yd., 5 and 6 yd. pieces, go at - - - 12c a yd.
Insertions go at - - - - 6c a yd.
Sweaters go at - - - - 1-3 off
Other savings that are equally as good.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

PHONOGRAPHS ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The best entertainer that can come into your home is an Edison Phonograph. But why an Edison? Because all talking machines spring from the parent idea which Mr. Edison invented, but the Phonograph which has had his personal care and attention in its development is the Edison. It stands to reason that the man who first discovered that the human voice could be reproduced can today produce the best talking machine. It stands to reason, and is true, that the Edison Phonograph is the most perfect reproducer of all machines.

Hear the New Model play the February records. We carry in stock every Edison Record made.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 6, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See the new advertisement of the Roller Skating Rink in another column.

—Read what Wm. Monheimer says about bargains in his advertisement this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell entertained a party of friends at cards at their home last Friday evening.

—The ground-hog could easily see his shadow on Sunday so we may expect six more weeks of winter weather.

—The dance at the Lyceum last Saturday night was well patronized considering the weather and all had a delightful time.

—Cortland Stedman of Oswayo was arrested at Coudersport last Friday on a charge of horse stealing. He was held for the next term of court.

—William Terrell had his left arm painfully lascerated by being caught in the cog wheels of a large press at the Barnsdall Printing Co.'s plant at Bradford on Tuesday.

—Fireman J. H. Corry of Salamanca was killed and Engineer M. O'Connor of Hornell seriously injured in a collision on the Erie road near Cuba Summit, Monday night.

—The contract for printing the February election ballots for McKean county was awarded by the County Commissioners to the Mt. Jewett News, that paper offering the lowest bid which was $159.50.

—Francis Andrus, a ten-year-old boy who lives with his parents on West Main street is ill with diphtheria. The house has been quarantined and every precaution is being taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

—The Smethport Lyceum will be sold at sheriff's sale on Monday, Feb. 24, at 1 p. m., at the court house. Here is an opportunity for some wide-a-wake, hustling business man, with a little money to make a good investment and get a good, paying business.

—The Philadelphia oyster supper given by the Smethport Bottle Blowers for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's church in the basement of that edifice last Saturday evening was largely attended and all went away feeling well repaid for braving the storm. Church oyster suppers are the butt of many a cruel joke, but this one was the real thing, for never have the people of Smethport been served with better oysters or more liberally than on this occasion, either at a church supper or a private dinner. Too much praise cannot be given those who had charge of this feast. Let us have another soon.

—A police court judge of Toledo, Ohio, had himself sent to prison just to see how the other unfortunates he sent there were treated, so he says, but many think he was looking for cheap newspaper advertising.

—The genial clothing merchant of Bradford, "Ike" Simons, won a bushel of eggs at the poultry show in that city last week. The eggs were laid by the hens while on exhibition and were given to the person guessing nearest to the number in the basket. "Ike" guessed 420 eggs which was the exact number.

—"The Girl of the Sunny South" played to a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. It is a melodrama of the ordinary sort, but the cast is composted of good talent and handled their parts well, several members of the company being exceptionally good for a production of that class. The singing of Miss Warren, Frank Olivar and Will Rennie made a hit.

—When charged with keeping a vicious dog, Andrew Beckley, a saloonkeeper at Hazelton, Pa., entered the novel plea that the dog meant no harm to those whom he seized. He said the animal merely wanted to take them into the barroom for a drink. To prove the assertion several policemen were marched past the place and the dog took each one in turn by the coat and rugged him into the barroom.

—Very few people are aware that there is a law requiring outside signs to be placed on every business place, bearing the name of the proprietors and the kind of business conducted within. It was passed for the benefit of mercantile appraisers and a penalty of $10 is inflicted in each case of violation if complaints are made. In some counties of the state appraisers have been notified to enforce the law and it behooves those who have no signs to get busy.

—John Fast, an Italian from Simpson was arrested on Friday last by Constable Jones and brought to Smethport where he had a hearing before Justice Gleason. He was charged with selling liquor wihout a license and the evidence was considered sufficient to hold him for the next term of court. He is now in jail awaiting trial. Two other Italians who were mixed up in the affair were given a hearing on charges of surety of the peace, but were discharged for lack of evidence.

Wanted—For Smethport and vicinity. Energetic man or woman to introduce a line of household necessities. Rapid sellers. Big profits. Good opportunity to establish permanent business. For full particulars address THE HE-LO COMPANY, Olean, N. Y., Lock Box 170. 5-3t.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

James Quirk had business in Bradford on Monday.

W. H. Cutting was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Mrs. Alfred Hagburg visited Hazelhurst this week.

Miss Beulah Holder visited in Olean during the week.

Mrs. F. A. Green and daughter, Frederica, visited in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned last night from a visit with friends in Warren, Pa.

M. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was a visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Maude Brown of Mt. Jewett was the guest of her brother Percy on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ethel Rush of Olean is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dickenson.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hunter were called to New Castle Tuesday evening by the death of his father.

Miss Theresa Sutter, who has been visiting in town, returned to her home in Vandalia on Monday.

Mrs. William Hafner, returned Tuesday from a three weeks' visit with relatives in Violas and Jersey Shore.

Roy Stark went to Port Allegany on Tuesday to take a sit on the Port Allegany Reporter for a short time.

Miss Minnie Wilcox returned to her home in Franklinville, N. Y., on Wednesday after spending several days with Miss Edna Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sutton left last week for Chicago Heights, Ill., where they will make an extended visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S.S. Bell were Bradford visitors on Monday. Mrs. Bell went on to Randolph, to visit her son, Donovan, who is attending school there.

Joseph King's "East Lynne."

One reason for the undying popularity of "East Lynne," the great emotional drama which will be presented at the Lyceum Friday, February 14th by a splendid company, is that your interest is at once excited when Richard Hare is suspected by the villainous Sir Francis Levison. Richard's attorney is Archibald Carlyle, who has just taken as his bride, Lady Isabel, the pretty daughter of an improverish earl. Isabel's jealousy is wrought upon by the clandestine meetings between her husband and Barbara Hare, Richard's sister. These meetings merely have to do with Richard's trial, but Lady Isabel not knowing this, and being goaded on by the scheming Sir Francis, who loves her, consents to an elopement. Archibald is plunged in dispair, but after a lapse of years, having secured a divorce, he rewards the unselfish love of Barbara Hare by making her his wife.

In the meantime, Lady Isabel's cup of misery has been filled to the brim by Sir Francis' refusal to fulfill his promise of marriage, and she leaves him. Learning of the serious illness of her child, who she had deserted in her unreasoning jealousy, she applies for the position of nurse to the little sufferer. Disguised as Madame Vine, she secures the position, but, overcome by the dying agonies of her boy, she throws off her disguise and reveals herself to him as his mother. She is discovered by Miss Corney, the quaint sister of Archibald Carlyle, and through her instrumentality a reconciliation is brought about between Archibald and Isabel before the sorrowing mother closely follows her boy into the realms of the unknown.

It will be seen that the character of Isabel moves through many strong dramatic and intensely thrilling scenes and through many strong emotional parts, and the actress interperating it is thus afforded exceptional opportunities for the display of her art.

The production will be under the masterful stage direction of Mr. Joseph King, who has earned an enviable reputation by his work in staging such well-known successes as "The Ninety and Nine," "Uncle Dan'l" with Fred Wyckoff; "East Lynne" with Rebecca Warren, "The Wife" with Selma Herman, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Charity Ball" and many other notable productions.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

The oyster supper that was to have been given by the Grange last Saturday night was a failure. The Patrons failed to meet owing to the severity of the weather.

A. R. Cory, chairman of the Finance committee, will report at the next regular meeting of the Grange, the books having been audited.

The teacher of the Moore school here, Miss Lura Day, closed her school Monday awaiting more congenial weather.

Supervisor Stratton, with some other farmers, were at work Tuesday shoveling snow to open up the roads. Sleighing is here in good earnest with the mercury way down below zero.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good runningorder. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Smethport Roller Skating Rink.

Backus Building
Opposite Court House

New Floor and Up To Date

Program:

Beginners—Each morning, 9:30 to 11:30
Everybody—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, 2:30 to 5:30.
Ladies only—Wednesday afternoon, 2:30 to 5:30
Children only—Friday afternoon, 3:30 to 5:30.
Open each evening—7:30 to 10:30.
Admission afternoons—Free, skates 20c
Friday afternoon children will be charged only 10c.
Admission evenings—5c, skates 20c.
Owners of skates will be charged 15c.

Until Further Notice.

SMETHPORT ROLLER RINK.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$208,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY MCCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Thomas F. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean Co., Pa. deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney;
or M. SARAH RICHMOND, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., January 29th, 1908.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

JANUARY Clearance Bargains.

Here's another lot of money savers in desirable goods. We are closing out all odd lots and remnants so that our stocks may be in good condition for our inventory by Feb. 1.

LOOK THE LIST OVER. IT WILL PAY YOU A HANDSOME PROFIT.

3 lb. Rolls Bleached Cotton Batting, full quilt size, reduced from 50c to 39c
Sofa Cushion Tops, reduced ¼ to ½. Now 5c to 38c.
Framed Pictures, reduced ½. Now 12½c to $1.88.
Men's Sweaters, High Neck, reduced ½, now 50c to $2.25.
Women's Fleeced Union Suits, Extra Large sizes only, reduced from 50c to 39c

SPECIAL CLEARING PRICES ON SKIRTS, FURS, WAISTS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES, WOOL UNDERWEAR AND DRESS GOODS.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF—

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

WHAT'S THE USE

of being cold, when you can buy any

OVERCOAT

at exactly

ONE-HALF OFF

at the store of

WM. MONHEIMER.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Every man who earns money and every woman who keeps house or spends money, should have a checking account in a safe, convenient bank—deposit money, receive and pay all bills by checks, because

FIRST: The checks returned are your legal receipts.

SECOND: It is easier to spend money out of your pocket than by check—when you have a chance to think you will economize.

THIRD: The people with whom you do business will give you more respect and consideration.

FOURTH: In times when currency is scarce, the scarcity is not likely to cause you embarrassment.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Katherine's Lessons.

.....By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

It was Katherine Morgan's first week at the Settlement's house. It was also a week of revelations. She was now alive to the fact that, despite her father's wealth, her liberal education, her years abroad, she knew little or nothing of the great mystery of life.

Katherine had plunged into settlement work most impulsively directly after her quarrel with Arnold Gresham. If a war had been in progress she felt sure she would have gone out as a field nurse. She had thought seriously of entering a nunnery, but, being a Protestant, this would have taken time, and at that particular moment Katherine did not want time to hang heavily on her hands. She wanted action and a different action from the usual round of teas, dances and dinners. Moreover, she wanted action apart from the world where she would meet Arnold Gresham, and, somewhat abstractly, she remarked to her tear stained image in the dressing table mirror that unquestionably Arnold never would find time to visit a Settlement house!

Neither would her careful chaperonage have been able to protect Katherine Morgan from the shafts of one Dan Cupid. Heretofore the wealth at least had bought her everything that she desired, but it could not buy the slavish devotion which, in her unthinking way, she demanded of Arnold Gresham. Other men had apparently been willing to spend their days and a large portion of their nights in serving her smallest ends, meeting her least important desires, but grave eyed Arnold Gresham, who had asked her to marry him, and placed the betrothal ring on her finger, had actually insinuated that he was not sufficiently enamored of her to play the role of doormat.

To be sure, it was not Arnold who had spoken those words literally, but Katherine's brother Bob, and the words rankled. Arnold had merely refused to break important business engagements to follow her in sudden flight to Mrs. Croxton's house party in the Adirondacks. And on various occasions when she had called up his office on the phone he had been out when he had still that he fully expected to be in all morning. If, during their engagement, he was so indifferent, what chance had she to govern it over him after marriage? And Katherine down in her willful heart wanted to govern it over him as she had governed it over all who had come her way since babyhood.

Wherefore the Settlement house and Katherine seated in a deep window ledge with Maggie Delaney, discussing Saturday half holidays.

"It's terrible to get all your plans laid and then have the boss turn 'em all up side down," Maggie was saying, with tears very close to her big gray eyes. "I wouldn't care so much for myself, but Tom, he's sort of run down, and he needs fresh air. We was going out to Ridley's park, where you can get a boat for 25 cents an hour, and the music's fine. Tom he always takes a nap under the trees, and then we have a row and a bite to eat, and he feels just fine for dancing. The dancing pavilion at Ridley's is just gram."

"Are you fond of dancing?" inquired Katherine mechanically.

"Do I love to dance? Well, I guess yes," answered Maggie enthusiastically. "And since Tom and me are engaged it seems sort of different. When the band plays, 'I'd Rather Two-step Than Waltz, Bill,' seems like it ought to be 'Tom' instead of 'Bill,' I could just dance right through life with Tom. Funny what a difference it makes when you know some one loves you!"

She looked up inquiringly at her companion's lovely face, but there was no answering enthusiasm.

"I really don't know how it feels," replied Katherine as if her body beside the young factory girl had suddenly been unlinked from the soul which answered the question.

The mobile face of the factory worker changed, and her voice softened.

"Of course, I know it ain't Tom's fault, but if he's ever going to make a home for me and take me outen the factory he's got to stand in with his boss. Ridley's or the Ridleys, we'll take a trolley ride after supper anyhow, so I guess I'll be moving on and make a new stock out of that line you gave me. Say, that's a lovely piece. I had a mind to save it for my trousseau, only it will please Tom if I have something pretty and new on. Might as well chirk him up a bit. He's worse disappointed than me."

The daughter of the rich and the factory worker went out of the door together. At the corner they paused before separating.

"I wish you'd take this to your Tom," said the impulsive young heiress. "There's a lovely little restaurant in the park. Tell Tom to take you there for dinner." She opened her gold mesh purse and handed out a crisp, clean bill. The factory girl blushed and drew back.

"Tom ain't that sort. He'd never take money from a woman."

The young heiress saw her mistake. "Well, then, give it to some one you think might not be able to afford a half holiday trip—some one who has no Tom to take her out." And she sprang on board a waiting trolley car before Maggie could reply. The car stopped at the next corner.

"This car goes to Ridley's park?" demanded an elderly woman.

"Yes'm. Step lively!" yelled the conductor.

"Ridley's park!" Why, that was where Maggie and Tom had planned to go. Katherine felt a sudden whim to see the pleasure ground of the young people among whom she had worked during the past week. She would go to Ridley's park.

Away the car bowled, stopping now and then, but less frequently as the suburbs were reached, and it seemed to Katherine that at every stop more Maggies and Toms scrambled aboard, all with an air of golden anticipation that she had never felt at prospect of an automobile tour or garden party. So absorbed was she in watching the half holiday crowd that she did not notice the attention she was attracting from a group of half tipsy youths who had dubbed her "the queen" and were daring each other to "pick up the peach."

At Ridley's park she felt oddly dizzy with the confusion. Perhaps she had worked a bit too hard at the Settlement house. Perhaps she had not eaten enough. At any rate, when they reached the park entrance, and the crowd shoved her this way and that, and the three youths clustered around her and paid her loathsome compliments, she wondered whether she should faint or scream aloud. Suddenly a man in uniform shoved the leering youths aside and touched her elbow deferentially.

"Where do you want to go, miss?" inquired the trolley inspector, for such he was.

"Home, home," exclaimed the tired girl, with a touch of hysteria in her voice.

"Car on the third track," said the inspector facetiously, and he put her aboard.

Once out of the crowd, with the cooling west wind fanning her face, Katherine felt better. She understood now why Maggie felt that Tom—his protecting Tom—had given the girl a new view of life.

It must be dreadful to be alone and unprotected in the world. Now, if Arnold had only been different. If he had not been so absorbed in business. Then suddenly a feeling that had never come to Katherine Morgan before obsessed her. Had Arnold ever really neglected her? Had he ever refused her his attendance save when she wilfully changed her mind or made childish demands on his time? She remembered, too, that her father said something about a shaky market, possibilities of a panic, the need of conservatism, etc. They had all been meaningless terms in her moment of anger, but now she understood. If Arnold meant to take her outen the factory he must stand in with his boss, too, and Arnold's boss was "the street." Something bright and round fell from Katherine's eye to the gloved hand she raised hastily as a screen, and then it happened—crashing beams, exploding glass, shrieking women and groaning men.

When Katherine woke up she was in Arnold Gresham's big touring car and Arnold Gresham's face was very close to hers.

"How did you get me?" she inquired dully, feeling as if she had been changed into Maggie Delany and Maggie's Tom had come to the rescue.

"I went down to the Settlement house for you, found you had left with one girl, and another told me she had seen you board the car for Ridley's park. I was just following you out—when I saw the collision and thought I might be of some service to the injured. Katherine, why in the world did you go out like this alone?"

Katherine laid her head contentedly on Gresham's still trembling shoulder.

"Because I needed to know that—I could not get along without you. Arnold, dear, take me inside."

Spoonful and Mouthful.

Heaven forfend that with rash hand I should rip open the chronic controversy as to the proper plural of spoonful et hoc genus omne. At present and for the present that controversy is happily slumbering, and I would say non molestar. If can che dorme. It is very sure to wake up ere long and vex us. Yet I cannot refrain from citing one word of that class which, strange to say, has hitherto been overlooked in the controversy and which yet ought to be decisive of it. That word is mouthful. Now, if the advocates of spoonsful, etc., have any pretensions to consistency they must doubtless maintain that the proper plural of this word is mouthsful. Well, if so I would only submit that if any person should be directed to take a few mouthsful of milk or tea he would be tempted to ask, like Sydney Smith when enjoined by his doctor to take an occasional walk on an empty stomach, whose?—London Notes and Queries.

His Idea of Lunch.

It was the hour of spelling lesson, and the teacher of the primary grade was pronouncing the words while the small persons in front of her laboriously wrote them down. According to the usual custom she called for volunteers to define each word as it was pronounced.

"Lunch. Now, who can tell me what a lunch is?"

There was a long period of silence, then a hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, you may tell us what a lunch is."

"A lunch," said Johnny, "a lunch is what you have for dinner when your father is away."—Harper's Magazine.

Corrected.

It was at a reunion of a gallant Irish regiment, and in due course a member rose to express his carefully rehearsed sentiment.

"Here's to th' auld Fifty-ninth," he began hotly, "th' last to th' field, an' th' first to lave it!"

"Ye muddler!" shouted a compatriot, springing to his feet. "Here's to th' auld Fifty-ninth, equil to none!"—Youth's Companion.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

WONDERFUL BREAD.

The Veritable Narrative of Its Making, Baking and Sale.

"How did I happen to become a hotel clerk?" replied the man behind the desk. "Well, it was this way: I used to be a sailor. That was where I learned about whales. In fact, I was second mate of the first iron ship that ever rounded the Horn, bound from Boston to San Francisco, loaded with flour, yeast and salt to furnish grub to the California miners soon after the civil war.

"We got around the Horn all right when we ran into about the worst bit of weather ever brewed on the Pacific. Iron ships were an experiment then, and we soon found ourselves in trouble. The fresh water tanks sprang a leak, and the water ran down over the cargo. To make matters worse, the flour barrels and boxes of yeast broke loose, and with the rolling of the ship we soon had it all mixed up together. In other words, the whole ship below decks was full of dough that the rolling of the ship kneaded just as a regular breadmaking machine does out in the kitchen here. And it began to rise.

"We fastened down the hatches at first, but soon had to take them off on the lower decks or the expanding dough would burst the ship. And we put on all steam for San Francisco. We crossed the equator like a race horse, and there we made our second great mistake. The strain of the engines caused them to break down, so we had to lie at half speed, and we were at a standstill for two whole days right there under a burning sun. The storm we had run out of, and the weather was clear and hot. Whew!

"Then we got under full steam again and plowed much to the Golden Gate with a deck load sizzling on the safety valve. But we were too late. The tropic sun had baked that shipload of dough into one huge loaf of bread. How to get it out of the ship was a question.

"The owners, who were the capitalist and one of our passengers, sold the ship just as she arrived for only half what they had paid for her new in Boston. But the new owner was a genius. He put the hungry miners to work with picks and shovels cutting out the bread and sold it at the rate of $1 a shovelful. It was the finest bread you or any one else ever ate.

"I was out of a job as second mate, and when I saw what a profit there was in that bread I just naturally went into the feeding business myself, and that's how I became associated with the hotel business. Front! Show this gentleman to the cafe."—Portland Oregonian.

Mary Stuart's Curious Watches.

Among the watches owned by Mary Stuart was a coffin shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, the scythe and the hourglass. At the back of the skull was Time, and at the top of the head were the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the holy family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshiping the newborn Christ. The works formed the brains, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it.

The Egg in Medicine.

The white of an egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system the white of an egg, if swallowed quickly, will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in jaundice and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

Helping the Musician.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated and promptly pulled the horn to pieces.

The player returned. "Who's meddled wit my drombone?" he roared.

"Oi did," said Paddy. "Here we've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' Oi did it in wan minit!"—Argonaut.

Sappho.

Sappho was born in Lesbos about the end of the seventh century B. C. In antiquity the fame of Sappho rivaled that of Homer. She was called "the poetess;" he was called "the poet." She was styled "the tenth muse," "the flower of the graces," "a miracle," "the beautiful." Fair few fragments of her works are preserved, and these only incidentally by other writers.

Stated Him.

His Wife—Are you going to ask that young man and his dancing to the house party?

Husband—I'm afraid not.

"You don't like him, girl you?"

"Yes, but not enough for that."—Life.

Success.

"Hear the story of the shaky building?"

"Nope. What is it?"

"Oh, there's no foundation to it."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.—Seneca.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Bert Barber of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A PUMA CUB.

He Was Plucky, but Paid For His Temerity With His Life.

Blinking like a million gold dots, the great puma mother crouched with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage, tail a-switch, steel claws rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four cubs in the cage corner. A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. One shot a mighty fore paw; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has she been long like that?"

"Started this forenoon." He shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, snarling viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in infinitude, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, spitting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusts.

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That only comes when we will lose some promising babies here."

The young German keeper was greatly distressed. I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the lion house. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cages. Sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side; a pale light came from above; the stage was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws, and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining cubs peered wonderingly at us from our unclothing cage; the mother crouched in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uncanny howl in a chilling key came from the leopards; the lion's deep throated guttural sent unwelcome quivers through one's nerves.

"I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—Travel Magazine.

A PRESENT DAY UTOPIA.

Moores Island, the Happiest and Fairest Spot on Earth.

Hugo Parton, writing in the Outing Magazine, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth today is the island of Moores, one of the Society Islands, in the south seas. As a colonist for ambitious American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a worthwhile send a native brown body scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green cocoanut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native victuals, for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated cocoanut is fed to hens, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle.

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled, if, indeed, he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race; both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their hair, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming word 'Ia-ora-na' (Yorana)."

Poetry Defined.

George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a journal of the New York millinery and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When General Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

A Bargain.

"What!" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office and bought Z., X. and Y. stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock?"

"But, my dear," argued the wife, "it was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"—Success Magazine.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE "TUPPENCE" HABIT.

It Has a Firm Grip on London and Its Inhabitants.

Tuppence—meaning of course, twopence and equal to the sum of 4 cents in United States currency—is the dominating sum in London. It is as much an institution as the war debt, beer or the game of cricket. Wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you sell or whomever you open your mouth it is tuppence or a series of that sum that is extracted from you. It more than takes the place of the five cent piece in America or the threepenny bit in the British possessions.

Tuppence is as much as a fairly well to do worker can afford for his meal at midday. In the poorer restaurants that sum gets him two slices and a big mug, or three slices and a little mug, or a portion of cake and a drink, or a fried egg, slice and small mug, or a sausage with mash or bread, or a rasher of bacon. In the next higher, class everything drinkable is twopence per cup, while pastry, pies, etc., are the same sum per head. At the "popular"—i. e., "no gratuities"—restaurants the waiters expect a tuppenny tip (though it is advertised otherwise by the proprietors), and the nontipper has a bad time. At most cafes tipping is the usual thing, and tuppence is expected and is accepted with the servile bow and pleased expression that distinguish the English and continental waiter upon such occasions.

The tuppenny tube is well known. You deposit that sum, and you get in anywhere and get out anywhere else you please. On trolley cars and buses that amount will carry you for an hour or two very often, usually to the terminus. The railroad porter who carries your rug a few yards or who says "Yus" when you ask if the train has stopped always has his hand out for the usual fee, though he will carry your two large bags and whatever else you have for half a mile over eight stairs and bow low and accept the same amount with the same satisfaction.

The cabby to whom you give coppers over the legal fare salutes you respectfully, but if you pay double fare in a jocular manner he wants more and is apt to make disparaging remarks about your breeding, as may the bootblack to whom you give 1 instead of 2 pennies. The cabby is the surer of the two, however, for disparaging remarks, to which characteristic, I really believe, can be traced the advent of the taximeter.—New York Post.

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Cinquevalli in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five balls at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the balls. They are handed to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the balls are all the time and know exactly where each ball is when I put out my hand to catch it.

"It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I balanced them. About five years later I performed the feat in public.

"For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Riding the Rail.

A Georgia paper says, "He who rides on the rail courts death."

It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

It Was There.

Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.—Fliegende Blatter.

When a man can tell his principles from his prejudices he is tolerably educated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

COUNTY AND COURTS.

President Judge—Joseph W. Beeber, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Blaine, Wellsboro.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Redfood, Bradford.
Deputy Attorney—Guy B. Hope, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—C. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—E. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Lanet J. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hoyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Deming, F. L. Shorofurne, E. E. Beardsley, H. H. Sisson.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—H. C. Young, president; I. D. Gallup, treas.; W. E. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. L. Knapp.
Inspectors of Election—L. T. Daly, Ed. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 386, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work subject degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

C. H. DENNIS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 329, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. A. HARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
I. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

F. O. E.—Smethport Aerie, No. 2, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RIDDEN, Com.
HELEN EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA GARDEN, W. M.
MISS ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree, 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 10:30 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Binoculars ...Of Love.

By Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

"I tell you," said Callander, "she thinks you are too formal, too cut and dried, too wrapped up in your profession. To her you're a fossil."

"If I were you I'd kick him for saying that," said Gaitley, "go ahead, Abbett, old man; you're far enough away from the village so that your unbending from dignity will never be seen."

"Oh, I'll do worse than that to him some time!" returned young Dr. Abbett, glaring with comic malevolence at Callander. "I'll wait until he is injured in some of his schoolboy escapades, and then I'll operate on him. Don't you feel the approach of another foolish attack, Georgie?"

The three young men sat in the shade of a huge mass of rock that marked the end of a long, irregular ridge of hills which jutted out from the main range to the west. At the mouth of a tiny canyon just visible from the rocks a cluster of summer cottages showed white against the brown and gray of their surroundings.

Georgie Callander grunted, stretched his walking body and took out a pair of field glasses from a case at his side.

"No, Folsom," he replied at length; "I don't feel unusually foolish at present. But this grand air and this sunshine and—well, life in general greatly appeals to me today, and so there's no telling when I shall find it necessary to break out again. By Jove," he went on, pointing the glasses at the faraway cottages, "there's my dear wife and the dear wife of our friend Hiram here, and—yes, the dear sister of my dear wife aforementioned, all laden with baskets and making for Flagstaff hill."

"Dear, dear," said Hiram Gaitley; "anybody else in the party?"

"No, none that I can make out. Hold on, though; yes, there it is. They're passing Evergreen inn now, and that discreditable similar Ramage has joined them. I believe, Abbett, that's what you called him, wasn't it—a discreditable skulker?"

"Callander," drawled Abbett sternly, "does Miss Alice know that you two uncanny wretches enticed me away with you this morning without letting me know that she and other ladies were bent upon a picnic today?"

"Miss Alice?" queried Callander. "Oh, you mean little Allie, my wife's sister. Now that I think of it, Folsom, I believe she did say something about asking you to have lunch with them on Flagstaff hill today. She asked if I thought you would care to leave your big hunting and whether you would make one of an informal party. I believe I told her"—

He broke off and leveled his glass at the distant hills.

"Well, well," cried Abbett impatiently, "what reply did you make? Something absurd, I suppose. Give me those glasses."

Callander adroitly moved out of reach of Abbett's arm and continued:

"I forgot just what I did say, but it must have been something worthy of so ungainly a wretch. They're up on the hill now, Folsom, and Ramage has taken his place beside Allie and is carrying her basket."

"That's a bad sign," Gaitley put in. "That's the way I began on the day I asked Ella to be my wife. You remember that, Georgie?"

"Certainly. Picnics are fatal affairs. I have no doubt that if Folsom were on Flagstaff hill today he'd be the happy man instead of Ramage. By Jove! He and Allie have strolled away from the rest and are picking wild flowers."

Abbett groaned.

"And I thought you were my friends—my boyhood friends. Here, give me those glasses, I say!"

Again Callander eluded his grasp and lightly sprang across a tree trunk which spanned the creek that rattled down from the range of hills and into the plain. Once safely across, he pulled away the log and set it floating downstream.

"We are your friends, Folsom," he declared from the opposite bank, "Haven't we patiently listened to your ravings about Allie for the past six months? Didn't we bring you out with us today on purpose to talk about her?"

"And you," cried the young doctor, turning to Gaitley, "I suppose you're in this attempt to keep me away from Miss—from the picnic?"

"Don't speak so harshly, Folsom," Gaitley returned. "Let's go leave George and hunt fossils or something."

"I've a notion to hunt you," Abbett answered, and he stepped toward Gaitley.

"Oh, don't, doctor; don't, doctor!" Gaitley screamed in a high falsetto as he sprang down the hill, with Abbett at his heels.

At the creek bank Gaitley paused to look back, and, seeing the doctor still coming, he leaped into the stream and floundered across it.

Abbett stopped at the bank and began to throw stones at his tormentors. They moved out of range of the missiles and—walked downstream until the settlement of cottages came into view from behind the rocks where they had been sitting on the other side of the creek.

Abbett followed them downstream on his side and bawled out half angry epithets at them.—Callander, after a prolonged look through the glasses at Flagstaff hill, called out:

"Oh, horrors, Folsom, Ramage has taken Allie for a stroll to the top of Flagstaff. They're at the top now. I did so want you for a brother-in-law, and now I'll never have a doctor in the family."

"Stop them; stop them!" cried Folsom, dancing up and down. "Do please, Georgie, toss over those glasses!"

"Suddenly an M. This is a sight one doesn't see every day. There he goes, dropping down on his knees before her. Farewell, Brother-in-law Folsom; farewell forever!"

Desperately Abbett went to the bank, removed his coat and shoes and rolled up his trousers.

"Look out," cried Gaitley; "he's going to swim for it!"

Abbett plunged in and had hardly taken two steps when he slipped and fell. Immediately he arose again, splashed across the stream and clambered up on the opposite bank.

"Now," he grated, "I'll show you what it means to torment a peaceable man."

"Walk," called Georgie from a safe distance; "he wasn't dropping on his knees, after all, so don't be angry. You wouldn't raise black and blue lumps all over our pure, white bodies, would you, Folsom?"

"You'll see," retorted the angry young man as he took up the chase.

The two led him along a devious path, through thickets and over rough prairie grass and rocky stretches of plain. But his blood was up, and he doggedly kept on. They easily continued in the lead and frequently stopped to shout back mocking comments and to report what could be seen by looking through the glasses.

"Say," cried Georgie after one such look at Flagstaff hill, "I wish we were nearer, so we could distract Allie's attention from what Ramage is saying to her. I know she'd be pleased to see you unbending a little."

"That's all she's afraid of," Gaitley took up. "She's told me wife as much lots of times. She thinks you're a born stiff—er—were born stiff, I mean."

"No," growled Callander, "she means she thinks you're so wrapped up in your profession that you look upon even her love as a secondary affair, and she wants you to consider it the whole thing."

"She thinks," began Gaitley as he dodged a piece of granite which Abbett hurled at him, "that you can't enthuse over anything but strange bugs or fossils or a new disease. We've often told her that she's wrong"—he ducked to avoid another stone—"but we couldn't convince her, and this is our reward, to be—stoned—to be chased across country like innocent rabbits.

They were obliged to take up the cross country again, for Abbett was well upon them. Down the creek was another log from bank to bank, and they darted across toward the cottages, with Albert in full cry at their heels.

There was no more opportunity for extended banter, although Gaitley now and then flung back a sanitarium wish that Alice might see them at the present moment.

When they drew near the cottages, the hares endeavored to shape their courses so that the hound must cross the foot of Flagstaff hill, but he gave up and ran to kennel at the Evergreen inn.

He came out an hour later with all marks of the chase removed from his clothing. But the hunter of his friends still rankled, and he determined to see Miss Alice at once, then if he had been refused to go back to the city. So he bravely charged up Flagstaff hill to meet his fate.

He found Alice, and at the first opportunity he told her of his love. When, to his unspeakable joy, he found himself accepted, he demanded to know whether or not he had heard the truth from his friends in regard to her estimation of his character.

"Yes, I did think that until this morning," answered the young lady. "But I know now that I was wrong, Folsom, dear. Mr. Ramage had a pair of powerful binoculars with him this morning, and I watched you every minute from the top of Flagstaff hill."

A Congenial Occupation.

"It isn't everybody that gets a place in life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart, "a man that always thought everybody was better off than he and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folks' misfortune. Where in the world is he?"

"While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, and he gazed at me real searching as Henry and I stood there.

"'Aren't you Jim Hobart that used to live in Bushby?' he asked me at last.

"'I am and still do,' says I, 'and it's just come to me who you are. You're Jed Loring.'

"He nodded that I was right.

"'Got a job that suits you here, I guess,' I said, for he's grown stouter and looks considerable cheerfuler than he used to when he was here in Bushby.

"'Yes, I have,' says he, real hearty. 'Why, this ferryboat runs back and forth every half hour all day long, and there's hardly a trip but what somebody misses it and gets as mad as fury!'"

A Question of Temperature.

Husband—What is the difference between the love of a lover and the love of a husband?

Wife—About 390 degrees F.—Harper's Weekly.

Differently Considered.

The clerk in a dry goods store was waxing sarcastic at the boarding house table because the schoolteacher said she was tired. "I don't see how you have the nerve to say that," he said. "You have a snap. Your hours are short, and although you say you have to look over papers in the evening, I reckon you don't have to spend much time on them. Then look at the vacations you have—a week of two at Christmas, another in the spring, two or three days at Thanksgiving time and then the entire summer. Look at me. I have to work eight hours every day, with only a half hour at noon, and even in awhile I have to put in an evening at the store when they take inventory of stock. And my vacation? I get the legal holidays, two weeks in the summer and during the hot months a half day off, and heaven knows what a good hard day does! Gee! Schoolteachers certainly have a cinch."

During this harangue the schoolteacher listened carefully to the noise he made while he talked. When he finished she said sweetly: "Well, why don't you become a schoolteacher? There's no law to prevent you that I know of."

And the rest of the table grinned audibly, while the clerk grabbed a toothpick and went out.—New York Press.

On the Dynamite Ships.

There is a service whose conditions are little known to the outside world, that of the men on the dynamite ships that lurk in the shadow of Culvey island. It once happened that a cargo boat took fire near Culvey island. The crew could not extinguish the flames, the vessel had to be abandoned, and the tide carried her straight for the dynamite ships. By a miracle the blazing hulk steered safely between them. But the tide turned, and with it back again she came. Another miracle and the blazing inferno missed them all a second time. A spark from her blazing timbers, the least shock from a collision and she had exploded such a mine as would have blown the half of Essex into Ireland. She bore down, hissing and spluttering, down the tideway and passed away, to burn herself to the water's edge beyond the reach of dynamite. And the silent lonely men stayed unstirring at their posts and twice saw the grave open and close before them.—Army and Navy.

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl five years old or so living in an inland town up the state. Near her home there was no river nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth white sand. You stand on it and look out over the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in, and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"—New York Times.

Little Mamie Rose Rose.

"It doesn't take these little Russian children long to catch on to things in this country," remarked a teacher of the Educational alliance. "When one explains a word to them they never forget it and they are always ready with an illustration of its meaning too. I remember that some time ago I had explained to the class the meaning of the word 'ambiguity,' and then, as the custom is, I turned about and made them explain the word to me.

"'Now, is there any one,' I asked, 'who can give me an illustration?'

"A grimy little urchin at the back of the room stuck up his hand.

"'Here's a ambiguity fer yo,' he cried. 'Little Mamie Rose sat on a tack—little Mamie Rose. See?'

"'Oh, no,' concluded the teacher, 'you don't have to explain a thing to the east side child twice.'"—New York Sun.

The Lady and Her Dog.

There are any number of men who would ask who you were talking to if you hinted that they were not absolutely masters in their own establishments, yet these very men are often the slaves of their dogs. By the way, unless you really want to make her your sworn foe, don't, whatever else you may say or do, speak disparagingly of a lady's dog, even if it is the most unholy mongrel that ever wagged a tail.—Fry's Magazine.

What We Want Daily.

Protein to make lifood and muscle, bone and brain, and corresponding quantities of fat, starch and sugar and the like to be consumed in the body to serve as a fuel to provide warmth and give strength for the body. The protein is found in lean meats, fish, eggs, cheese, gluten of flour and in beans and peas and the like.—London Answers.

British English.

Englishman—I say, ye knaw, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage? Englishman—The bookage, ye knaw—the tariff. What's the tariff? Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.—New York Weekly.

The success of a movement depends much less upon the force of its argument or upon the ability of its advocates than the predisposition of society to receive it.—Lecky.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

JUVENILE AMBITIONS.

Jealousies and Yearnings That Beset the Small Boy.

HIS MISERY AND TRIUMPHS.

The Things That Other Boys Had and He Wanted and Couldn't Get—A Fat Man's Memory Deeply Stirred by a Pair of Sleeve Protectors.

"The other day at a poultry market I saw a chicken butcher wearing a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, and I stood and laughed like a fool," said the fat man. "First time I'd seen a pair of basket sleeve protectors for years, and so I just had to laugh. Tell you why. When I was a tike I used to look with wonder and awe upon a fellow who wore a pair of basket sleeve protectors. I considered that fellow with a pair of those things was all right, all right, plus some more.

"They had a kind of jaunty air about 'em that I couldn't and can't define, but it was there, and I revered and reverenced 'em. I made up my mind that if I ever grew up and got the price, me, too, for a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, no matter what sort of work I'd happen to tackle.

"Queer dickenses, boys, eh? Memboy those patent pended attachments that marksmen used to have—may have 'em yet—hitched to their aprons? Well, I thought those were pretty nifty things, too, and I used to secretly hanker to own one of 'em. Made up my mind that I would own one of 'em, too, when I got to be a man, but somehow I never seemed to want one when I reached the shaving age.

"Guess some of my ambitions as a boy were pretty crazy anyhow. I was so jealous of the first boy I ever met that could spit through his teeth at a mark and hit it that I hated him. That same boy, pretty early in life got a job driving a delivery wagon for a grocery. Well, pretty soon after he got that job he was wearing a pair of those patent elastic sleeve supporters, or holders, or whatever you'd call 'em—things with a clutch at either end that pulled the cuff back from the wrist. This boy's pair of those things were pink elastic, and how he used to flaunt 'em before my eyes!

"He knew blamed well that those pink elastic sleeve supporters looked finer to me than any Star of India or Victoria Cross could possibly look, and he knew besides that because I had to go to school and wasn't earning anything there wasn't a possible chance on earth for me to get a pair like 'em—and so he just held 'em over me and made my life miserable. Yet when I got to the wage earning age I never seemed to care at all for a pair of pink elastic sleeve supporters.

"Another boy that I hated had a maroon colored cardigan jacket. That was before the day of sweaters. This hated boy wore the cardigan jacket beneath his regular outer coat and so he didn't have to wear any overcoat. That, I considered, was a gorgeous blessing—not to have to wear an overcoat to school. I despised this boy for having it on me that way. Anyhow, his maroon colored cardigan jacket had a couple of pockets in front that he kept full of all kinds of junk—sometimes he even carried mice to school in 'em. And that made my indignation all the greater—the fact that he had those two fine covered up pockets to his cardigan jacket.

"One great triumph did come to my like life, though, and that was the fact that I was the first boy of my school to own a pair of copper toed boots. Well, I sprang the first pair, as I say, at my school, and I guess I didn't break the hearts of all the other boys or nothin'! Besides the copper toes, these boots had red tops, with a silver star and crescent stamped on the red tops, and that made the blow all the more frightful to the other lads that had to see me stalking around in those boots. After awhile, though, nearly all of the other youngsters showed up with copper toed boots and thus took the wind out of my sails.

"We never see boys wearing peaked caps any more—notice? I don't mean these dinky little cloth caps with peaks to 'em, but regular soldiers' caps with glazed peaks. First boy that turned up in our neighborhood with one of those things on made a sensation, all right. This same boy had got hold of a carpenter's pencil somewhere, and he'd stick that carpenter's pencil underneath his forage cap, with the sharpened end projecting in a mighty blase way that certainly caused us to regard him as some pumpkins. I was always crazy for a carpenter's pencil when I was a boy, but I never got hold of one—never did have much luck when I was a boy anyhow. My folks were too blamed respectable.

"As a matter of fact—you can believe it or not, but I'm telling you the truth—they wouldn't let me at the age often apply for the job of brakeman on a passenger train. That, I thought, was the finest job in the world—brakeman on a passenger train—just swinging a red lantern all the time, and wearing a peaked cap mostly on the left ear, and the peak pushed back so as to show an oiled bang plastered down, and sitting on a wood box in the smoker talking to fellers, and carrying a pair of red flags around everywhere, and all that. But the main appeal of the brakeman's job was the pair of red lanterns.

"Oh, well, that pair of basket sleeve protectors that I saw at the poultry market the other day certainly carried me back a long way. And I was still laughing like a fool when I strolled away."—Charleston News and Courier.

SPELLING NAMES.

There Was No Doubt About "Hannah" When the English Lady Finished.

A bygone generation witnessed an acrimonious controversy in the Irish family of O'Conor in County Roscommon as to the right of any branch of the ancient race to spell the name thus—with one "n." That right, it was maintained, was held only by the O'Conor Don as head of the house. So prolonged was the contest between the partisans of the O'Conor and O'Connor titles that it was called the "N-less" (standing for "endless") correspondence. Finally the question was referred to Sir G. Bernard Burke, the Ulster king of arms. His decision coincided with a decision in a certain other matter—namely, that much might be said on either side. The two disputing families had a common origin, a king of Connaught, and could with propriety and in accordance with tradition spell the name one way or the other. Fortified by this "award," the two families have continued to spell their name with one "n," up to the present hour.

Equally firm on the question as to how his name should be spelled was the witness in a case tried in the king's bench a few years ago. Asked his name his prompt reply was "John 'Awkins." "Do you," queried counsel, "spell your name with or without an H?"—The emphatic answer was, "Jo-h-n." As a rule, however, as we have said, variety in the spelling of the names of people as in that of the names of places, owes its origin to people not being so clear as was our friend regarding how a name should be spelled.

Two stories in illustration of this occur to us. In the first Mrs. Quiverful was having christened her latest baby. The old minister was a little deaf. "What name did you say?" he queried. "I said," replied the mother, with some asperity, "Hannah." "Do you," said the driver, "mean Anna or Hannah?" "Look 'ere," exclaimed the now thoroughly exasperated lady, "I won't be examined in 'ints way. I mean Hinch-by-hen-hen-hay-haitch"—Hannah!

The second incident to which we refer is this. There also there was "a lady in the case." She was on an errand, and she had to deal with the agent of another party. In brief, she had bought a pair of sleeve links for her dear when the shopman asked, "Any initials, miss?" The rest may be stated thus:

She—Oh, yes; I forgot. Engrave a "U" upon them for his first name.

Shopman—Clarion me, is it Uriah or Ulysses? Names with "U" are rare, you know.

She (proudly)—His name is Eugene.—London Globe.

"MOLL PITCHER."

History of the Famous Heroine of the Revolution.

"Moll Pitcher" was the daughter of a Pennsylvania German family living in the vicinity of Carlisle. She was born in 1748, and her name was Mary Ludwig, a pure German name. She was married to one John Casper Hayes, a barber, who, when the war broke out with the mother country enlisted in the First Pennsylvania artillery and was afterward transferred to the Seventh Pennsylvania infantry, commanded by Colonel William Irvine of Carlisle, with whose family Mary Ludwig had lived at service. She was permitted to accompany her husband's regiment, serving the battery as cook and laundress, and when at the battle of Monmouth (Freehold), N. J., her husband was wounded at his gun she sprang forward, seized the rammer and took his place to the end of the battle. After the battle she carried water to the wounded, and hence her pet name of "Moll Pitcher."

Hayes died after the war was over, and she married a second husband of the name of McCauley, and at her grave in the old cemetery at Carlisle there is a monument that bears this inscription:

Molly McCauley,
Renowned in History as "Molly Pitcher," the Heroine of Monmouth;
Died January, 1832.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1876.

On Washington's birthday, 1822, when Molly was nearly seventy years old, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted her a gift of $40 and a pension of $40 per year.

An Auditive Illusion.

"What town is that, a few miles to the north?" shouted the aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the basket.

"Oshkosh!" yelled the agriculturist over whose farm the balloon was passing.

"What?"

"Oshkosh!"

"What did he say?" asked the aeronaut's companion.

"He didn't say anything. He swore at me."—Chicago Tribune.

Tolerance.

George Eliot was once asked what was the chief lesson she had learned in life's experience, and her prompt answer was, "Tolerance." It might have been expected from a woman who once said that she regarded life as a game of cards in which she watched each move with the deepest interest and turned as far as possible to her own advantage.

Common Factors.

Schoolmaster—Now, can any of you tell me whether there is a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms? Small Boy—Yes, sir, please; there's hash!—London Opinion.

Slang of the Army.

In the army there are expressions peculiar to itself. Heard for the first time by outsiders, they need interpretation. Among the most common are "hike" for "march," "striker" for a soldier serving as body servant or house man for an officer, "C. O." for "commanding officer" and "O. D." for "soldier of the day," "hop" and "hoproom" for "dance" and "dancing room," "civs clothes" for "civilian dress," "commissaries" for "groceries," "coffee cooler" for an officer who is always looking for an easy job in some staff position, "found" when an officer fails to pass his examinations, and "shavetail" for a youngster just out of West Point. Among the soldiers the expressions have multiplied until quite a vocabulary of strange words has been established. "Bobtail" is a dishonorable discharge. "Orderly hucker" is a soldier who, when going on guard duty, advises by mere manner of appearance to be appointed orderly to one of the officers. "Dog robber" is the soldier's contemptuous expression for "striker."—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Visitor.

A young married man of extremely jealous disposition recently visited one of the most famous mediums in London. Being far from home, he wanted to know what his wife was doing.

"She is looking out of the window, evidently expecting some one."

"That is strange," said Benglet. "Whom can she expect?"

"Some one enters the door, and she caresses him fondly," went on the medium.

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now he lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly in her eyes."

"It's false! I'll make you pay dearly for this!" yelled the jealous husband.

"Now he wags his tail," said the medium.

The green eyed monster unbridled, and the young husband cheerfully paid over his consulting fee.—London Scraps.

A Peer and His Patent.

After it is once issued the patent for the creation of a new peerage cannot be altered. Otherwise Lord Glenawley would be written Lord Glenawley, as Glerawly was written by a clerk in mistake for this word. Another interesting case of a similar nature is that of Charles Pawlet, afterward third Duke of Bolton, who died in 1754. In 1717, while his father, the second duke, was still alive, Pawlet was made a peer as Lord Pawlet of Basing, although the intention of the king and his advisers was to summon him to the house of lords under one of his father's junior titles, that of Baron St. John of Basing. However, the writ of summons had been made out to Lord Pawlet of Basing, and Pawlet bore this title until he became Duke of Bolton in 1722.—Westminster Gazette.

Simple Rules of Health.

Never pick your teeth with any hard substance. Buy the pick unless it is made of soft white pine. Repeated use of a hard pick drives the gums away from the teeth, and pretty soon you are a victim of Riggs' disease. After the meal pick your teeth gently, then rinse out your mouth cavity with an antiseptic solution of tepid water. After rinsing use a gargle to clean out the throat—a solution of salt in water. Wash off your tongue as far back as you can reach and scrape the root of it once in awhile with an instrument of silver made for the purpose. And, above all, never put anything into your mouth that does not agree perfectly with your stomach, if it is expected to descend below the throatlatch.—New York Press.

Strange Uses For Churches.

There are cases innumerable of churches being used during England's civil war to accommodate the horses of one or another regiment of the opposing troops. Dedham church still shows traces of Puritan vandalism in the mutilated sculpture. The oak door, at one time elaborately decorated with small carved figures of saints, now shows the figures without their heads. And there is the famous case of Notre Dame at Paris, which during the days of the Revolution was converted into a "temple of reason," with its goddess, a ballet dancer, enthroned on a mound in the midst of the choir.—Strand Magazine.

As Bait.

Mrs. A. (over phone)—Can you send me up a cook today, Mr. Dwyer? Head of Intelligence Office—Sorry I can't accommodate you, Mrs. A., but we have only one in the office. Mrs. A.—But why mayn't I have her? Head of Intelligence Office—Oh, we have to keep her as a sample!—Harper's Weekly.

Trapped.

He was telling her about the members of his cricket team. "Now, there's Brown," said he, "in a few weeks' time he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Jack," she gushed, "what a nice way to ask me!"—London Judy.

Hopeless.

"He's no good at an argument, is he? Not at all convincing?"

"Well, I should say not. Why, that man couldn't convince a woman that she was pretty!"—Cleveland Leader.

Value of Humor.

The man who becomes a humorist is the man who contrives to retain a certain childlike zest and freshness of mind side by side with a large and tender tolerance.—Cornhill Magazine.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

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Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.
Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Kipling at Work.

"I have lounged in Rudyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and seen him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for awhile. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He can easily concentrate his thoughts and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour."—Pacific Monthly.

Birds Shot With Water.

Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksman can bring them to earth.—New York Press.

The Feeding of Dogs.

"No dog kept indoors and indeed very few outside should be fed on meat nor should he be fed from the table at mealtimes, as he will soon become a nuisance, especially when there are visitors. If he is always fed at the conclusion of a certain meal—dinner, for instance—he will wait patiently until the prescribed time. It is a good plan to feed after one's midday meal, giving plenty of green vegetables, bread and potatoes, with a very few scraps of finely cut meat, the whole well mixed and some gravy poured over it. If two meals are given, one should be at breakfast time and one in the evening. One should consist of only a little oatmeal and milk or a piece of dry dog biscuit.

"At no time should the dog have more than he will eat, and if he leaves anything on his plate except the pattern his allowance should be reduced or a meal omitted."—Suburban Life.

The Shoulder Strap.

[illegible] possible to compile such [illegible] be extremely interesting [illegible] A [illegible] in point is the steel curb [illegible] of the [illegible] cavalry. [illegible] Sir George Luck was setting [illegible] Kandahar during the Afghan [illegible] Lady Luck, knowing [illegible] of the fighting method [illegible] whose [illegible] from shoulder to belt, [illegible] couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword cuts these proved so effective that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation [illegible] that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.—Harper's Weekly.

Seized Her Opportunity.

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious.

Again he called, and they sat together in the parlor, "just those two."

A loud rap came at the front door.

"Oh, mother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," said the deceiver.

"Oh, no; that would be untrue," murmured the ingenuous one.

"Then say you're engaged," he urged.

"Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried as she threw herself in his arms.

And the man kept on knocking at the front door.—Illustrated Bits.

A Rejection Slip.

"Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street, "I have a long and sad story—"

"Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; none of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

No Thanks.

"I broke a record today. Had the last word with a woman."

"Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?"

"Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Trade.

"Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I am always blowing about it."

"Well, I'm sooted with mine," [illegible] the chimney sweep.

"And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

He Met Shorty.

Nicknames are sometimes deceptive things, and they are oftentimes extremely funny. I was in a small town not many miles south of Boston and, asking for a certain piece of information, I was informed by several that "Shorty" could give it to me, and he seemed to be the only man who could. Not knowing just who "Shorty" was, I made further inquiries and was told that he could be found in the store just across the square.

"Just ask for 'Shorty,'" I was told. "Any one will show him to you."

I went over to the store as directed and looked vainly about for some one who might answer the name. Only one man was present, and he was almost a seven footer. After looking about a moment I started to leave.

"Lookin' for some one, stranger?" he observed.

"Yes, I'm looking for 'Shorty,'" I told him.

A broad grin overspread his face.

"Guess you've got him," he murmured. "I'm your man."—Boston Traveler.

A Mean Trick.

In his home city they tell a sad story of a mean trick on a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knocker.

"But"—

"Come down."

The man of many nephews hastened downstairs and peeped around the door. "Now, sir," the pawnbroker demanded.

"I wanish know the time," said the reveler.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said.

What He Had Done.

Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Name Oscar.

It is interesting to remember that the name Oscar was bestowed by Napoleon on Bernadotte's son—the first King Oscar—to whom he stood godfather, not for any Swedish associations, but because it was the name of a heroic character in Macpherson's "Ossian," a work which Napoleon continually studied.—London Spectator.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.

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We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEB. 24, 1908,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being lot No. 4 of [illegible] ough as No. 62, and lot being bounded on the east by Mechanic street; on the north by King street; on the west by Lot No. 3 of said Square; and on the south by Lot No. 5 of said Square, and being the same premises conveyed to the said party of the first part by Frank G. Lindholm, by deed dated November 21st, 18[illegible], and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 130, page 77, etc.

"By indenture dated July 21, 1894, and never recorded, made by James A. McKean to Smethport Lyceum Company, the plaintiff releases from the lien of said mortgage the following described real estate, viz: Land in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post in the south line of King street, being the northwest corner of lot four in square No. 62; thence south along the west line of said Lot 4, 132 feet to the southwest corner thereof; thence north 89 degrees east 70 feet and nine (9) inches to the west line of Mechanic street; thence north along the west line of Mechanic street four feet to a post corner; thence north 89 degrees west 58 feet to a post corner; thence north 1 degree east 128 feet to the south line of King street; thence along said south line of King street, south 89 degrees west 12 feet and four inches to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 1,280 square feet of land more or less, and being part of lot No. 4 of Square 62."

Improved and having thereon one large two-story frame building used as an opera house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Smethport Lyceum Company at the suit of James A. McKean.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2

Defendant's interest in the following described two pieces of real estate, to-wit:

First. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Ceres Township, McKean County, Penna., bounded as follows: Beginning at a post corner in New York State line the northeast corner of land conveyed by John Keating and others to Thomas Hall; thence south eighty-five rods to a post; thence west one hundred twenty-eight rods to a post in an old line; thence north eighty-five rods to a post in the State line; thence by State line east, one hundred twenty-eight rods to place of beginning. Containing sixty-eight (68) acres, being part of Warrant [illegible].

Improved and having thereon one two-story board house with an addition used for a kitchen, one frame barn, about fifteen fruit trees, several springs of water and one gas well, about ten acres cleared.

Second. Also that other piece or parcel of land situate in Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning in North line of land of Olive Wood fifteen chains, seventy links from her northeast corner; thence west fifteen chains, seventy links to a stake; thence north three chains, eighty-two links to a stake; thence east fifteen chains seventy links to a stake; thence south three chains, eighty-two links to place of beginning. Containing six acres of land.

Unimproved. Having thereon several springs of water.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. B. Cook at the suit of Carlton E. Cook.

3

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece of land in the Township of Liberty, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a stake in the middle of the highway twenty-one (21) rods from the north side of S. H. Barrett barn on the Smethport road running from Port Allegany; thence north fifty-five (55) degrees west, ten (10) rods; thence west forty-five (45) degrees south eleven and one-half (11½) rods; thence south forty-five (45) degrees east ten (10) rods; thence east fifty-five (55) degrees north eleven and one-half (11½) rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred and fifteen (115) square rods, strict measure be the same more or less with the appurtenances.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house with an ell attached and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. H. Kilday, Administrator of Mary Kilday, deceased, P. H. Kilday, John Kilday, Frank Kilday, Delia Howard, Mary Tester, Kate Lyman, Maggie Kilday and Lizzie Kilday, children and heirs at law of said Mary Kilday, deceased, and Grace Sheldon, grandchild and minor heir at law of said decedent, and Lizzie Kilday, guardian ad litem of said Grace Sheldon, at the suit of Thomas J. Lawler.

D. S. Helmer, Gorton & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4

Defendant's interest in a full and undivided one-fourth interest in all that piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and being part of Warrant No. [illegible], of lands of Keating Land Company Survey in said Township, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of land of Geo. Frost, being the southwest corner of the land now or formerly of C. H. Harwood; thence north 29.68 rods more or less; thence east 107.8 rods to the east line of land now or formerly of C. H. Harwood being also the west line of land formerly of John Fobes; thence south 29.68 rods more or less to a post corner; thence west 107.8 rods to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres of land strict measure and being part of the same tract of land which was conveyed by Charles A. Wither and wife to the said C. H. Harwood by deed dated December 22, 1882 and recorded in the office for recording deeds in and for the county of McKean in Deed Book, No. 18, page 490 etc. and being the same twenty acre tract conveyed by C. H. Harwood and wife to W. B. Archibald and M. G. Barton by deed dated August 6, 1884, and recorded October 5th, 1885, in the office for recording deeds, etc., for McKean County in Deed Book No. 30, at page 178 etc.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of P. H. Kilday, at the suit of A. J. Walsh.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, located on the west side of Merrow Avenue, in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and known as No. 15 Merrow Avenue and described further as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the southeast corner of the lot heretofore sold to L. P. Smith; running west ninety (90) feet; thence south twenty (20) feet; thence east ninety (90) feet to a point in the west line of Merrow Avenue; thence north along west line of Merrow Avenue, twenty (20) feet to the place of beginning and containing eighteen hundred (1800) square feet more or less. Being same premises conveyed to W. H. Hudson by Jennie E. Merrow by deed dated September 4, 1893, and recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, Penn'a, in Deed Book, Vol. 75 at page 107 etc. And by agreement dated April 17, 1899, contracted to be sold to Hyman Melnick by the said W. H. Hudson;

Improved and having thereon, One, one story frame cottage, and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lena Melnick, Administratrix of the estate of Hyman Melnick, late of the City of Bradford, McKean County, Penn'a, deceased at the suit of W. H. Hudson, use of Mattie P. Williams.

F. W. Hastings, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6

Defendant's interest in all of the interest of H. O. Bergvall, otherwise known as Oscar Bergvall, deceased, now by substitution, Sophia Bergvall, executrix, in the following described real estate, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to wit:—known as Lot number one hundred and eighty three (183) of Whitney & Wheeler's addition to Bradford, as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton 1875-76 being known as number twenty-four (24) Walker Street, map of said survey being now on file in the Recorder's Office in Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book "R," page 90. The above described land being the same conveyed by Deed from Thomas Osborne and Sophia H. Osborne, his wife, by Deed dated September 6, 1889, and recorded October 8, 1889, in Deed Book Vol. 5[illegible], at page 208 &c.

Improved and having thereon, One large two and a half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Bergvall, H. O. Bergvall, Oscar Bergvall, now by substitution, Sophia Bergvall, Executrix of the last will and testament of H. O. Bergvall, otherwise known as Oscar Bergvall, deceased, at the suit of Mary D. Weld, use of First National Bank of Bradford, Pa.

F. W. Hastings, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7

Defendant's interest in all those two certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land known as the Henry Plummer farm, situate, lying and being in Eldred Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—

First Parcel. Beginning at a stone in the center of the road and running East 40.7 rods to a post corner; thence south [illegible] rods to a post [illegible] the road; thence northerly by the road to the place of beginning. CONTAINING forty-five (45) acres and seventy-three square rods with usual allowance for roads etc. And being a part of Warrant No. [illegible], being the same land conveyed to Henry L. Plummer by [illegible] Roberts et al. by deed dated February [illegible], and recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. No. [illegible], page [illegible] and subject to the exceptions and reservations in said deed contained.

Improved and having thereon, One, one and one-half story frame dwelling house, one frame barn, with usual outbuildings, a few fruit trees, mostly improved.

Second parcel. Beginning at a point in the center of the road by the Stull Cemetery, the northeast corner of land of W. T. Waisman; thence by a line between lands of W. T. Waisman and J. D. Stull, west 126.4 rods to a post the northwest corner of said W. T. Waisman lands; thence south 40 rods to a post; thence east 118.5 rods to the center of the road, an iron on the west side by N. side of small [illegible]; thence by center of the road northeasterly to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 30 acres of land be the same more or less and being a part of the same land deeded by D. C. Young to W. T. Waisman and the same land deeded to H. L. Plummer by W. T. Waisman by deed dated January 27, 1903, and recorded February 1st, 1903, in McKean County in Deed Book No. 146, page—, reference thereto being hereby had.

Mostly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of H. L. Plummer at the suit of Z. H. Carpenter.

B. B. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

8

Defendant's interest in all those four certain pieces, parcels or lots of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mount Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2709, said lots being bounded and described as follows:—

1. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin T'wp, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Wt. 2709, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post in the south line of the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Coal and Railroad Company, marking the northwest corner of lands of N. Nelson; thence by the west line of the same south seven hundred and thirty-six (736) feet to a post and stone corner; thence west two hundred and sixteen and one-half feet (216.5) to a post and stone corner in the east line of the lands of John Johnson; thence by the east line of the same north four hundred eighty-four (484) feet to a post in the aforesaid southerly line of the New York Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company; thence along the said right of way in a north-easterly direction to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 3.04 acres of land, being part of the same land conveyed by John R. Johnson to August Carlson by deed dated March 31, 1877, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book, Vol. [illegible], at page [illegible], etc. And being the same land conveyed by August Carlson and wife to Thomas McClellan and George H. Mell by deed dated Sept. 19, 1891, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book, Vol. 64, at page 277, etc. EXCEPTING AND RESERVING all oil, gas, coal and other minerals and right to operate same as contained in deed dated Jan. 11, 1877, recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 21, page [illegible], and deed dated Jan. 27, 1880, recorded in D. B. Vol. 31, page 397. ALSO RESERVING from the above described piece of land the following described piece, parcel or tract of land. Beginning at a post in the south line of Fuller Street 667 feet west of the northeast corner of the house lot of Mary McClellan and running thence by the east line of the land of C. E. Burnside et al, south 200½ feet to a post marking the northwest corner of land of August Carlson; thence east by the land of August Carlson and T. M. McClellan, 50 feet; thence north to the south line of Fuller Street, thence by the south line of Fuller street west to the place of beginning. Containing 21 rods more or less and being the same premises conveyed to Christina E. Burnside by T. M. McClellan by deed dated July 6, 1901, recorded in D. B. Vol. [illegible], at page 521. Unimproved.

2. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of lot "C" of the E. Lentz survey of 1878, in Wt. No. 2709, bounded and described as follows:—BEGINNING at a post in the southerly line of the right of way of the New York Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, marking the northwest corner of lands conveyed Sept. 19, 1891, by August Carlson to McClellan and Mell (being the lot last above described); thence by the west line of the same south thirty minutes east 270 feet to a post; thence south 81 degrees west 154.7 feet to a post; thence north 89 minutes west 96 feet to a post in the said southern line of the right of way of the New York Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company; thence along the southern line of the said right of way north 89 degrees, 80 minutes east, 297.8 feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING .77 of an acre more or less, as surveyed by M. J. Dill, Dec. 22, 1896, and being the same land conveyed by John R. Johnson and wife to Tom M. McClellan and George H. Mell by deed dated Dec. 1, 1891, recorded Jan. 4, 1892, in McKean County D. B. Vol. 65, page 436, etc. and bounded and described therein as follows:—BEGINNING in the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, along the same north 89 degrees east 287 feet to a post; thence south 3 degrees west, 279 feet to a post; thence south 78 degrees west, 186 feet to a post in the land line of John R. Johnson; thence along said land line of John R. Johnson, north 3 degrees east, 96 feet to the place of beginning as surveyed by J. L. Brown of Wilcox, Pa., A. D. 1891. SUBJECT TO RESERVATIONS of oil, gas, coal and minerals contained in deed from Hutchinson et al, Trustees, to John R. Johnson, dated Jany. 11, 1877, recorded in D. B. 31, page 336. Unimproved.

3. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin T'wp, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2709, beginning at a post in the south line of the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, marking the northeast corner of the lands of A. Carlson; thence by the west line of the same south 736 feet to a post and stone corner; thence by other lands of the said A. Carlson east 577½ feet to a post; thence by other lands of Nels Nelson, north 1064 feet to the post in the aforesaid southerly line of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company; thence along the said right of way in a south-westerly direction to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 12 acres of land more or less, being the same land conveyed by Nels Nelson and wife to Tom M. McClellan and George H. Mell; by deed dated the 16th day of December, 1891, and recorded Jany. 4, 1892, in McKean County D. B. Vol. 65, page 436, etc. SUBJECT TO THE RESERVATIONS contained in deed to Nels Nelson from Charles H. Hutchinson and others dated October 29, 1891, and recorded in D. B. 65, p. 291. EXCEPTING AND RESERVING therefrom that certain lot of land conveyed by deed dated Feb. 12, 1897, and recorded in D. B. 94, page 549, made by George H. Mell and wife and Tom M. McClellan to Mary E. McClellan, said premises being described as follows:—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Boro. of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, in Wt. No. 2709, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post at the intersection of the northern boundary line of lands now or late of Nels Nelson with the west line of McClellan Avenue (said post being about one hundred twenty-five feet easterly from the northwest corner of said land of Nels Nelson) thence along the westerly line of said McClellan Avenue north 187 feet to a post; thence north 89 degrees and 44 minutes west 830.6 feet to a post; thence south 30 minutes east 198 feet to a post in the northern line of land of A. Carlson; thence along the said northern line of land of Nels Nelson, North 89 degrees and 10 minutes east 829.8 feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 1.44 acres of land more or less, bounded north and west by lands of said McClellan and Mell, south by lands of A. Carlson and lands of Nels Nelson and East by McClellan Avenue. ALSO, EXCEPTING AND RESERVING two certain pieces or parcels of land conveyed by Tom M. McClellan and wife as follows, to wit:—(a) To Maud E. Kerr by deed dated November 6, 1897, recorded in D. B. Vol. 102, p. 448 for the following described land: BEGINNING at a post in the west line of McClellan Avenue, 80 feet north of the northeast corner of the house lot of Mary E. McClellan and thence by the west line of McClellan Avenue, north fifty (50) feet to a post; thence west 180 feet to a post; thence south 50 feet to a post; thence east 180 feet to the place of beginning. (b) Deed to George Bolduce, dated August 27, 1900, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 111, page 510, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post on the west side of McClellan Avenue 180 feet north of the northeast corner of house lot of Mary E. McClellan; thence north 50 feet to a post on the west line of said Avenue; thence west 180 feet to a post; thence south 50 feet to a post in the north line of a street unnamed; thence east along the line of said unnamed Street, 180 feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 9000 square feet of land, be the same more or less. Unimproved.

4. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Tw'p, McKean County, Pa., part of Wt. No. 2709, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post marking the southeast corner of lands of McClellan and Mell conveyed to them by Nels Nelson and wife by deed dated December 16, 1891, and recorded in McKean County, D. B. Vol. 65, at page 436, above described, and running thence east 94 feet to a post; thence north 1018 feet to the right of way of the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad; thence along the said right of way in a southerly direction to the east line of McClellan and Mell aforesaid; thence south by the said line to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 2.10 acres of land. Being the [illegible] land conveyed by Nels Nelson and wife to Tom M. McClellan and George H. Mell by deed dated the [illegible] day of June, [illegible], and recorded the [illegible] day of May, [illegible], in McKean County D. B. Vol. [illegible], page [illegible] etc. SUBJECT TO A RESERVATION of the oil, gas, coal and other minerals. ALSO, EXCEPTING AND RESERVING from the last described piece or parcel of land that certain piece, parcel or strip of land conveyed by Tom M. McClellan and wife and George H. Mell and wife to [illegible] by deed dated May [illegible], and recorded August [illegible], in McKean County D. B. Vol. [illegible], p. [illegible], etc., bounded and described as follows, to wit: BEGINNING at a post at the northeast corner of the lands of party of the first part, and at the northwest corner of lands of Nels Nelson, said post being in the southerly line of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.; thence along the boundary line between lands of the party of the first part and land of Nels Nelson, south 1 degree and [illegible] minutes west [illegible] feet to a post; thence south [illegible] degrees and [illegible] minutes west, [illegible] feet to a post; thence south [illegible] degrees and [illegible] minutes west, [illegible] feet to post at [illegible] distant from and at right angles to the south margin of the right of way of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.; thence south 11 degrees and 47 minutes west [illegible] feet to a post in the south boundary line of the right of way of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R., said post being 50 feet distant southerly and measured at right angles to the centre line of said N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.; thence in an easterly direction along the south boundary line of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. right of way to the place of beginning. CONTAINING [illegible] acres. The interest of said George H. Mell having been conveyed to said Tom M. McClellan by deed dated Feb. 12, 1897, and recorded in D. B. Vol. 94, p. 540.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Tom M. McClellan, at the suit of Johnsonburg National Bank.

McCauley & Whitmore, F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa. Feb. 5, 1908.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 149, Oct. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Norma Davis did, on the 1st day of August, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Abram L. Davis.

We therefore command you, the said Abram L. Davis, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Norma Davis and show cause, if any you have, why the said Norma Davis, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30 1908.

Gorton & Richmond, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 218, Oct. Term, 1905.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Harry M. Camp did, on the 30th of August, 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Myrtle Camp.

We therefore command you, the said Myrtle Camp, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Harry M. Camp and show cause, if any you have, why the said Harry M. Camp, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

E. B. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 220, October Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Jennie M. Allen did, on the 3rd day of September 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William H. Allen.

We therefore command you, the said William H. Allen that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Jennie M. Allen and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jennie M. Allen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

C. W. Catlin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 230, Oct. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lora Wilson did, on the 3rd of September, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry Wilson.

We therefore command you, the said Harry Wilson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Lora Wilson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lora Wilson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

C. W. Catlin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, Oct. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Phoebe Campbell did, on the 3rd day of June, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Campbell.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Campbell, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Phoebe Campbell and show cause, if any you have, why the said Phoebe Campbell your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Libellant's Att'ys.

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BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND [illegible] LAW

[illegible] improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared [illegible] CO., [illegible]